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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

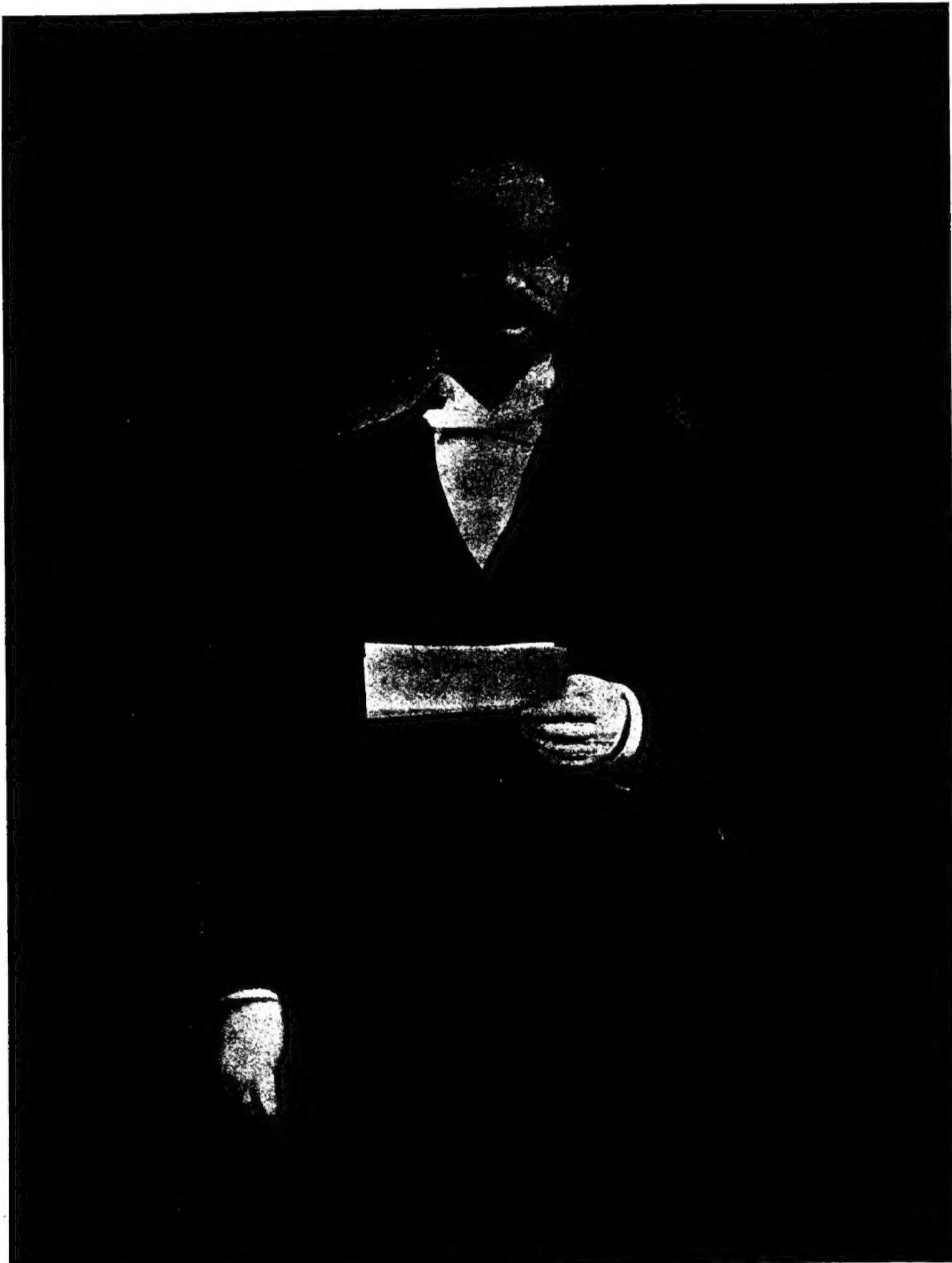
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VOL. IV.—No. 84.

MONTRÉAL AND TORONTO, 8th FEBRUARY, 1890.

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HON. J. ALDERIC OUIMET,
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF CANADA.
(W. J. Topley, photo.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

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8th FEBRUARY, 1890.

THE D. I. I. COUPON.

We would direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement at the foot of our front cover regarding a rare privilege offered to subscribers to this journal. It will there be seen that, by an arrangement concluded with the Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Company, Toronto, five hundred dollars are guaranteed to the legal survivor of any person killed by, or dying within a month from the effects of, an accident who was the owner of a D. I. I. Coupon for the current week, and had his or her signature written underneath. Those who have any acquaintance with the usual rates of accident insurance will have no difficulty in appreciating this offer.



The report of the Secretary, Mr. R. Casimir Dickson, read at the annual meeting of the Canadian Imperial Federation League, which took place at Ottawa last week, showed that there are now twenty-six branches in Canada, from Yarmouth, in Nova Scotia, to Victoria, in British Columbia. There has also been a considerable increase in the number of affiliated societies throughout the Empire, and the progress attained in the establishment of means of communication throughout the Imperial domain, and the number of projects now in hand tending to promote the same great object, may be accepted as favourable to the cause. The services of the Rev. Principal Grant, the Rev. D. V. Lucas, and Mr. Parkin, as lecturers, and of Mr. J. Israel Tarte, as a journalist, on behalf of the movement, were gratefully acknowledged. A consensus of opinion is to be taken all over the Dominion by means of circulars of enquiry. In future, instead of a single Vice-President, there will be one such officer for each of the provinces. The officers for the ensuing year are Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Q. C., M. P., President; Mr. A. McNeill, M. P., Vice-President, for Ontario; the Hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbinière, Vice-President for Quebec; His Grace, Archbishop O'Brien, Vice-President for Nova Scotia; Sir Leonard Tilley, Lieutenant-Governor, Vice-President for New Brunswick; the Hon. J. S. Carvell, Vice-President for Prince Edward Island; the Hon. Mr. Nelson, Lieutenant-Governor, Vice-President for British Columbia; the Hon. Dr. Schultz, Lieutenant-Governor, Vice-President for Manitoba; Secretary, Mr. R. Casimir Dickson, of Toronto; treasurer, Major H. H. Lyman, Montreal. Sir A. T. Galt, G. C. M. G., Mr. Sandford Fleming, C. E., C. M. G., Col. G. T. Denison, and Mr. A. McGoun were chosen representatives to the English Executive Council.

The death at Quebec of a young married man named Noel is said to have been due to the use of

impure vaccine on the train between that city and Montreal some years ago. The poor fellow is said to have suffered from the effects of what was meant as a protection against disease to such an extent that at last the physicians who attended to his case concluded that, to save his life, his arm must be amputated. To this remedy, however, after his long agony, he declined to submit, and so he only found relief in death. If this account, which was telegraphed to the papers of this city, be correct, the doctor who used the vaccine committed a very grave mistake. It is not only the death of the unfortunate man that is to be deplored, but the impression which the fatality is sure to make on those who are already prejudiced against vaccination. The law which enforces vaccination has the sanction of the great majority of medical practitioners, but it is only justifiable on the ground that it is a prophylactic against small-pox and that it is unattended with the risk of introducing other diseases into the human system. To ensure such immunity the most scrupulous and conscientious care should be taken to ascertain that the lymph is perfectly pure.

In the Speech from the Throne, at the opening of the Ontario Legislature, attention was called to the fact that, although the purely agricultural industries of the province had of late been in a depressed condition, dairy farming had continued to prosper, Ontario cheese holding a rank among the best examples of that commodity in the English market. It was, moreover, shown by the Tables of Trade and Navigation that the yearly value of the cheese exports is in excess of the aggregate value of all other manufactures exported by the Dominion. It is satisfactory to learn, especially in view of the introduction of a like organization into this province, that the operation of the farmer's institutes in Ontario has proved extremely beneficial in disseminating valuable information in the agricultural districts. It is to be hoped that the movement will be equally advantageous to the farmers of Quebec.

The remarks of some of the professors at the meeting of the Veterinary Medical Association, connected with the new Veterinary Faculty of McGill University, were of practical importance to all who have to deal with animals. The scientific study of zoology, with especial reference to domesticated animals, has made considerable progress in recent years in Canada as elsewhere. But there is still much to learn, and institutions such as that which has been organized in this city are sure to be of very real service both to man and beast. That a great deal of mischief is caused by ignorance on the part of owners of animals and of those who are entrusted with the charge of them, is only too true, and to spread sound views of management and feeding among the classes concerned would be conferring a boon on the whole community, while alleviating the hardships of those creatures to which man is so largely and in so many ways indebted.

The B. A. bill (as it is called) has passed the Legislative Assembly of this province by a considerable majority. Its object is to permit graduates in arts of Canadian and English universities to enter on the study of law without examination. The recognition of the value of a university training by the legal profession of this province has long been sought for in vain—the majority of the Bar being opposed to it. Last year the bill, introduced by Mr. J. S. Hall, Q.C., M.P.P., was thrown out by the Council, after passing the lower house. How

such a misunderstanding arose in the first place we do not know. That a learned profession should deliberately discourage learning seems morally impossible. The Bar, no doubt, has a right to keep the key of its own house. It has also a right to be guided by experience in determining who should have the freedom of it. But that such experience should justify the conclusion that men who have not are as worthy of welcome as men who have graduated, "shocks all common sense." The question has, unhappily, been complicated by side issues, and the champions on both sides have been estranged from each other by charges and recriminations that ought never to have been uttered, much less published. A few hours' honest inquiry would have prevented a great deal of discussion that is worse than worthless, and saved both the Bar and the Universities the humiliation which the outside world must attach to such a dispute.

The Colonial College, Hollesley Bay, Suffolk, was founded for the purpose of training young Englishmen of some means for the duties of Colonial farm life. It began with three students in February, 1887, and has during the three years that have elapsed since then found considerable favour with the class whose interests it is meant to serve. Like the other colleges of our time, it has embarked on the troubled sea of journalism. Its special organ bears the classical name of "Colonia." The first number contains a variety of information, but not all of the character which the names of the magazine and of the institution would seem to imply. We do not object to athletics, as it may, in a manner, be deemed a part of the preparation for life in the forest or the prairie. But we do object to matters so alien to the interests involved as an article on Florida orange culture, nor do we consider it just that students who have the advantage of such a college, and who choose to settle in the Argentine Republic or other extra-Imperial country, should have their names inscribed in the credit list of the institution.

We also regard it as in bad taste, if not deserving of still more reproach, to insert in the first number of a magazine bearing the name of *Colonia* an article from an Australian student which is, from a British and Imperial point of view, nothing less than treasonable. The editor, it is true, deprecates his contributor's opinions, but, in doing so, he makes the grievous mistake of attributing those opinions to the younger men in all the colonies of the Empire. Taken by itself, Mr. Telford's article, which is in favour of secession from the Empire and the formation of an Australian Republic, may be a fair showing of the tendency of young Australian sentiment. In a pamphlet, it would be read with interest. But in a colonial magazine it is certainly out of place.

The proposed re-organization of the Geological Survey will, it is to be hoped, conduce to the advantage of the Dominion. There is no branch of the public service by which Canada has gained more credit abroad. Its history may be divided into two chapters—the first covering the period of the Union; the second, that of Confederation. Practically, this division differentiates the two directorates, as it was not until about 1870 that the significance of the political change brought about by the British North America Act was recognized as affecting the survey. The increase of work and responsibility may be estimated by a glance at the map of the Dominion. Under the Union regime

Lake Superior and the Height of Land was the virtual limit of operations. Under the Federal régime it has comprised the whole continent (save Alaska) north of the International boundary. For years, moreover, a great proportion of that immense region was without any means of communication except the most primitive. To reach British Columbia, there was no alternative to the alien route but a transcontinental tramp. Some idea of the results achieved from stage to stage of progress from the establishment of the Survey to the present may be obtained by consulting the several catalogues of economic minerals published in 1855, 1862, 1876 and 1886. There is probably no more accomplished or energetic corps of scientific workers in the world than the director and officers of our Geological Survey, and if the new arrangements make it more practically useful the public will not welcome the change more heartily than they.

The demand by members of Parliament of returns already made suggests the advisability of adopting in Canada the British usage of placing important reports within reach of the public at a moderate price. British blue-books of all kinds can be purchased immediately after issue for comparatively trifling amounts. If important statistical reports, compiled at great trouble and expense, were announced to be for sale, intelligent persons would buy and read them, and would be able to appreciate the absurdity of public men treating them, on the very floor of the House, as non-existent.

FRUIT-GROWING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The progress that Canada has made in the industry of fruit-growing during the last twenty-five years has been considerable. Last year the total export from the Dominion of fresh and dried fruit had a value estimated at \$1,635,800. In the previous year the value of the fruit export was only \$878,347—so that it has nearly doubled in a single year. The bulk of the export consists of green or ripe apples—\$1,528,449 being set down to that item last year. There is hardly a country in the world that does not consume its share of our Canadian apple crop. Last year Great Britain received from Canada 619,217 barrels of apples, valued at \$1,277,577; the United States, 144,618 barrels, valued at \$230,108. Canadian apples were also sent to France, Germany, Belgium, South America, the West Indies, China and Japan. The exporting provinces were Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba and Prince Edward Island. Quebec exported most to Great Britain; Ontario, to the United States; the Maritime Provinces, to the West Indies, and British Columbia, to China and Japan. This last commerce is just beginning, but it promises to grow into a business of no slight importance. It was long since recognized that British Columbia had every advantage of soil and climate for becoming a fine fruit-producing country. Years ago Prof. Macoun wrote favourably of the pomiferous value of Vancouver Island, and Mr. Elliott, of the Smithsonian Institution, said that the excellence of the mainland apples, pears, plums, cherries, etc., was not surpassed in any other part of North America. During the last five years an impulse has been given to orcharding in British Columbia, the results of which were set forth at the recent meeting of the Provincial Fruit-Growers' Association.

The good work achieved by the Fruit-Growers' Association of Quebec and Ontario suggested to enlightened and patriotic Columbians the formation of a like organization on the Pacific Coast. The British Columbia Fruit Growers' Association—which is affiliated to that of Ontario—held its first annual meeting on the 15th ult., our old friend, Mr. J. M. Browning, the first president, in the chair. The proceedings were of interest, and the presidential address, reports, communications and discussions were, on the whole, marked by an assured hopefulness that is not likely to be disappointed. Mr. Browning sketched the origin and progress of the society, which was organized on the 1st of February, 1889, and said that although all the anticipations with which it had started had not been realized, enough had been effected to justify self-congratulation. The difficulties to be overcome were very great, owing to the fact that the members were settled in localities far apart and could only come together at considerable inconvenience and cost. But the extension of railway communication would soon greatly diminish that drawback. An exhibition of fruit had been held at Vancouver in August last, and had been in every respect successful. Mr. Browning availed himself of the opportunity of testing the Pacific nomenclature by sending specimens of twelve kinds of apples and four kinds of pears to be submitted to experts connected with the Montreal Horticultural Society. With one exception, the naming was correct. The specimens were considered very fine by Montreal fruit-growers. A bottled collection of fruit exhibited by Mr. Cunningham, of New Westminster, and Mr. Henry, of Port Hammond, was sent to Toronto, and was much admired at the Provincial Exhibition of that city. Mr. Browning called attention to the subject of canning fruit and to the handling and marketing of fruit, and recommended the publication of annual reports.

Mr. Henry, as chairman of a committee appointed at a former meeting, read a report, which contained some important suggestions. This report was discussed clause by clause, and was eventually referred back to the committee for further deliberation. The recommendation to appoint an inspector and instructor, whose business it should be to look after the packing and shipping of fruit, was, however, repeated in the second report. This inspector (who should be paid by the Provincial Government) was to be empowered to appoint salesmen in various localities, where auction marts were to be organized. This clause was ultimately withdrawn, the president and others disapproving of it as inopportune. As for the auction marts, the duty of fixing them was left to the municipal authorities of the province. A committee was appointed to attend meetings and collect information on subjects connected with fruit-growing. It was also determined to adopt a standard set of packages for all varieties of fruit. In connection with this question and other points of interest, an important letter was read from Messrs. Chipman, Morgan & Company. This enterprising firm had much valuable information to impart regarding the fruit trade with the East, of which there was no reason in the world why British Columbia should not obtain a considerable share. The Columbian apples were pronounced harder and better flavoured than those of Oregon and California. Some of them had gone as far as Vladivostock and Corea, as well as China and Japan, and the prospects for

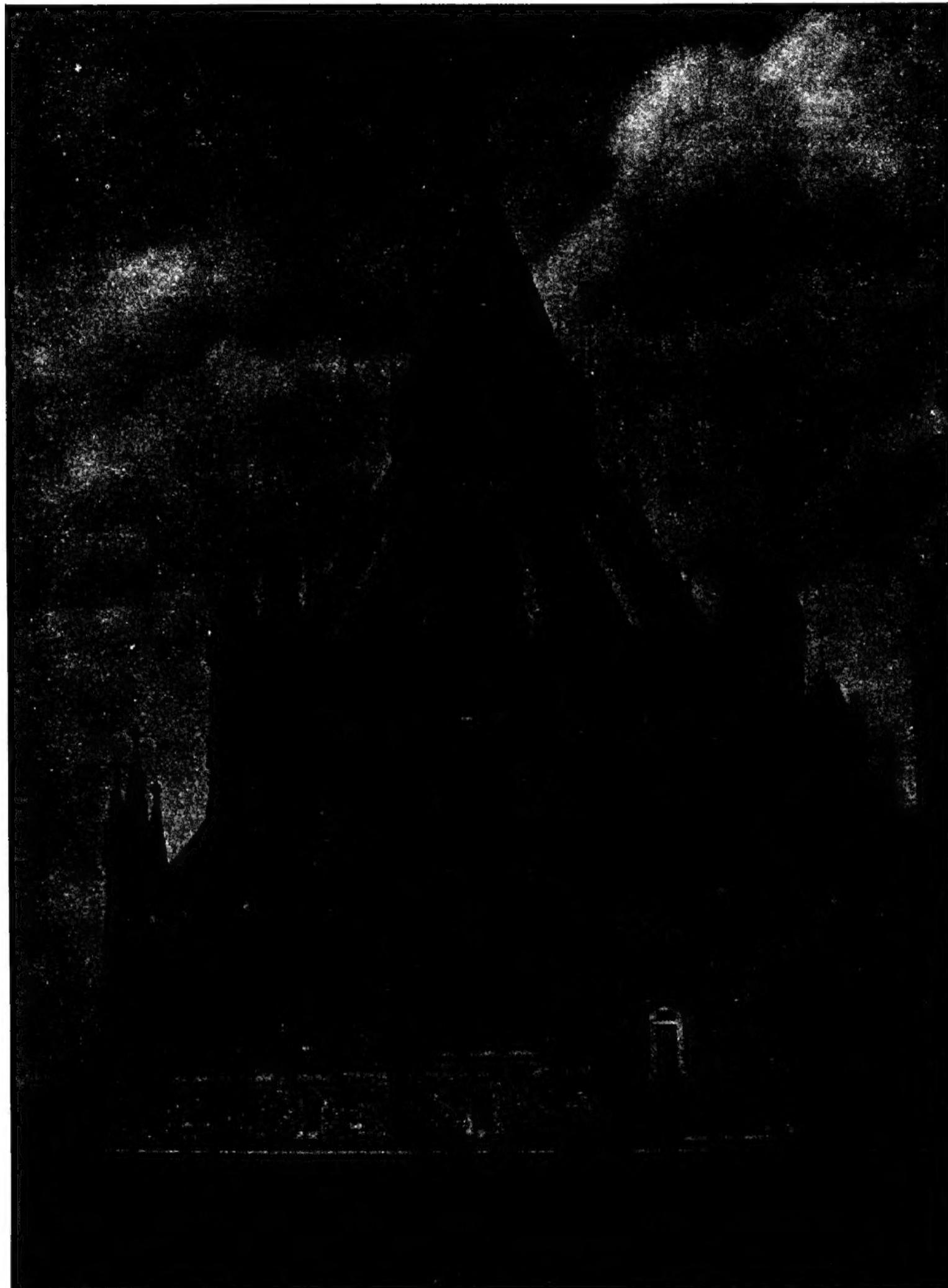
a large and profitable trade were excellent. But the closest attention must be paid to the packing if Canada is to compete successfully with the Pacific States. As British Columbia is now in the way of learning all that can be learned on that point, the establishment of an extensive and highly remunerative trade with the East is only a matter of time. That thriving province will be represented at the approaching Dominion Convention of Fruit-Growers at Ottawa, on which occasion we shall probably hear something more of this phase of British Columbia's development, as well as of the progress of the industry in other parts of the Dominion.

THE QUESTION OF THE CLERGY RESERVES.

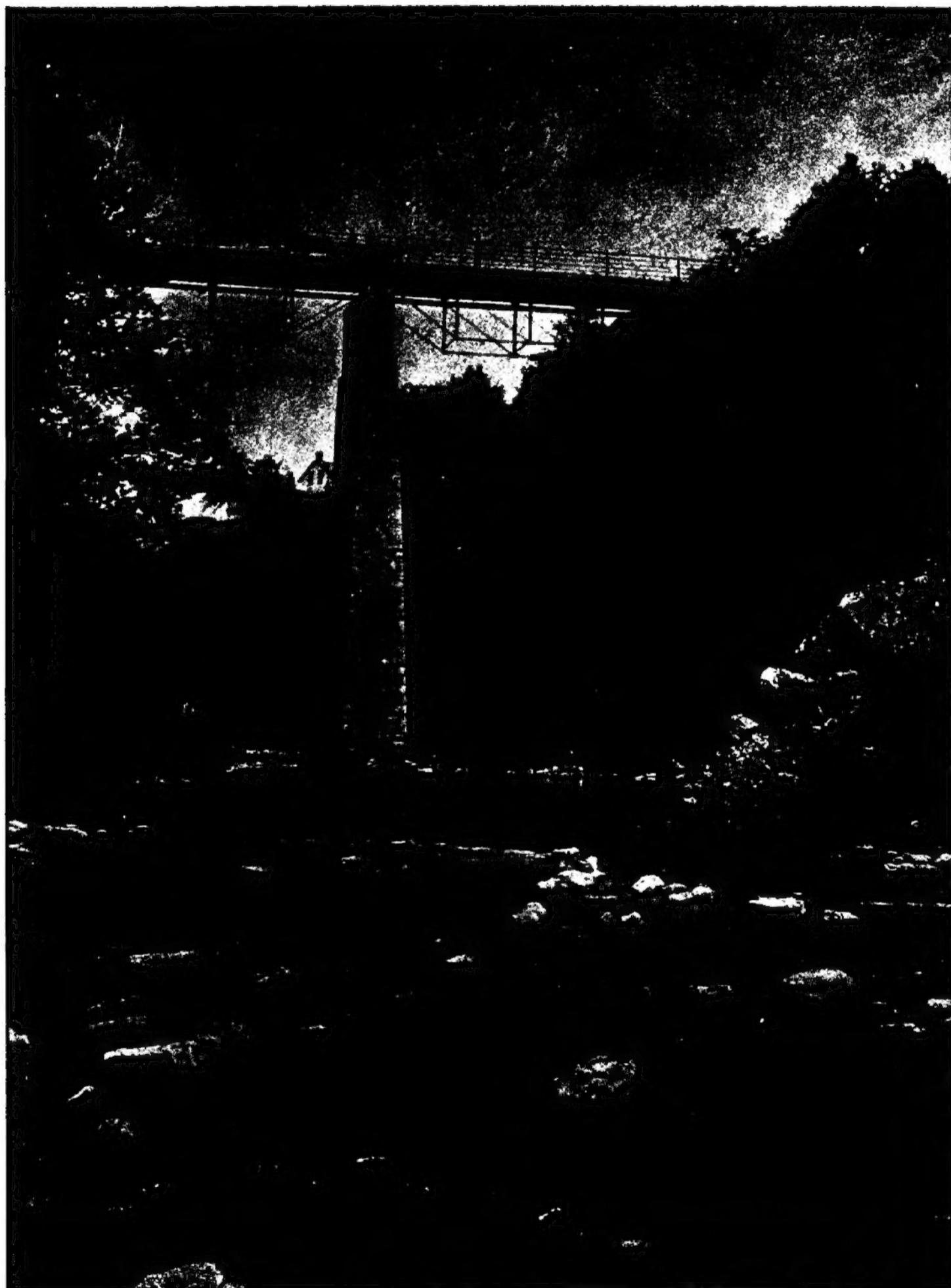
To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—There is a misstatement of historical facts, apparently endorsed by you, in the letter of Mr. S. E. Dawson, to which you refer in your editorial on "Current Topics," in your issue of the 25th of January last (doubtless unintentional on his part,) which ought not to be allowed to pass without correction. Mr. Dawson, in his letter to *The Week*, referring to the proposed establishment of the English, Scotch and Roman Catholic Churches by the Imperial Statutes, and the subsequent agitation here for the repeal of the Clergy Reserves Law, says: "The intention was to establish and endow, "first the Church of England and then the Church "of Scotland as Protestant churches, and in a "lesser degree the Roman Church for the French "population. The first part of the plan was not "possible upon this continent at that period. The "Protestants united to frustrate it. They broke "down the establishment and destroyed the endow- "ments intended for themselves. Whether they "were right or wrong is not in dispute. The fact "is that they did it, while the French stood aside, "seeing that the quarrel was none of theirs. But "the Roman Catholics would not break up their "own quasi-establishment, and, therefore, it re- "mains to this day." Now, Mr. Dawson is in error in stating that the Protestants *united* to frustrate it. Had he said that the various Protestant denominations *united* against the English and Scotch churches, he would have been in strict accordance with the facts, for the Clergy Reserves Act, or rather the principle upon which it was based, was most strenuously opposed for many years, and successfully, too, more especially by the members of the Church of England, and, therefore, the Protestants did not willingly destroy the endowments intended for themselves, but it was rather the Protestants who were not endowed that united with the Roman Catholics to destroy the endowments intended for others.

Then again, the assertion that the Roman Catholics stood aloof when the measure was passed, is certainly not in accordance with the facts of the case, but exactly the contrary. By reference to pp. 220, 221 of the Journals of the Legislative Assembly, 1854-5, it will be found that when the principle of the disendowment of these Protestant churches was voted upon at the second reading of the Bill to this effect, the principle of disendowment was carried by a vote of 93 to 15. In the majority were 39 French names, including Cartier and Dorion, that is to say, nearly all the *Rouges* and *Bleus*, as they were then called; and only two French voted in the minority, viz., Cauchon and Taché, and if the Scotch and Irish Roman Catholics in the House were added to the French, it would be found that the Roman Catholics exceeded more than half the majority in favour of the Bill, and, consequently held the balance of power. Then again, at the third reading of the Clergy Reserves Bill (p. 365), for some reason or other the *rouge* element did not seem to approve of the Bill as a whole, and although it was carried by 62 to 39, we find 15 French names in the minority, including Dorion, and 24 in the majority, a greater number than the majority in favor of the Bill. If



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE LIBRARY OF PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA.
(W. J. Topley, photo.)



IRVINE BRIDGE, IRVINE RIVER, ELORA, ONT.

(From a photo, by T. D. Manchee, Toronto Am. Photo. Ass.)

this is standing aside, what would their active interference have been?

Then again, as to the assertion that the Roman Catholics "would not break up their own quasi-establishment," it is expressly enacted in the third clause of the Act as passed, 18 Vic., ch. 2, (1854): "And whereas, it is desirable to remove all semblance of connection between Church and State," not with respect to any one particular church, be it remarked, but generally. And we find a majority of the French members composed almost exclusively of those that might be called the Church party of that day among the Roman Catholics, viz., the *Bleus*, voted in favour of the Act containing this preamble. How then can it be said that they were not willing "to break up their own quasi-establishment?" And why, under those circumstances, should the Protestants be said to have "united to break down the establishments and destroyed the endowments intended for themselves?"

An exact parallel to the action of our Legislature with respect to the Clergy Reserves will be found in the Imperial Parliament when Gladstone, with the aid of the Roman Catholic and Non-Conformist vote, disestablished and disendowed the Established Church of England in Ireland.

Yours truly,

E. J. HEMMING.

Drummondville, Feb. 3rd, 1890.

PORtUGUESE BUGABOOS.

The most sombre of the traditional beliefs in rural Portugal certainly go back to far beyond the time of the Moors, beyond even the period of the entry into the peninsula of the nations from Central Europe. The wehr-wolf legends come from Roman times. The term for the man-wolf in Portuguese is *lobis-homen*, hardly a change from the Latin *lupus-homo*, though it is more than likely that in substance if not in form the lycanthropic myth is far older than the Roman nation itself. The legend of a human being assuming a wolf's shape is certainly one of the most generally diffused through the world. It takes many forms in Portugal. A common belief is that when there are seven children of the same parents, one, either son or daughter, is fated before the age of puberty arrives to turn into a *corredor*—a night-ranger—that is, to become that which is preliminary to being a true wehr-wolf, or *lobis-homen*. The *corredor* need not necessarily assume a wolf's shape—indeed, he as often takes that of a hare, a wildcat, or a fox, but of nights he must put on the likeness of one of these animals and range through woods and desert places. The *corredor* by all I can learn harms no one but himself, and is unconscious of his nightly wanderings as soon as he returns to his human shape and right senses, but he is always to be recognized by excessive leanness, wild eyes, and a pale and haggard face. The *corredor* steals from his bed, and climbing the highest tree in the neighbourhood, strips to the skin and hides his clothes in the branches; then descending naked to the ground, he is instantly transformed into bestial shape, with all the habits belonging to the beast whose form he has put on. He is endowed with supernatural speed and can outstrip man and all other animals. The child with this fate to undergo passes a novitiate of seven years as a *corredor*, and then unless the spell be broken he turns to a true *lobis-homen*, a *versi-pellis*, a wolf-man or a wolf-woman. The female of this terrible human wild beast is known as *lobreira*. Male or female, it is a fierce creature, with appetites exaggerating those of the wolf it resembles, and whose strength and swiftness are greater than those of the wolf. The creature is now no longer harmless, but leans upon and preys on other animals, and its special delight is in the slaughter and devouring of children. When once the change into the true *lobis-homen* or *lobreira* has taken place I understand that the wolf-man or woman can never again be reclaimed into the ranks of our common humanity, but the spell upon a *corredor* can be broken. It needs but for its clothes to be found and burned, or for blood to be drawn from its body while in the form of a beast; then the spell is broken, the animal turns into human shape—waking amazed as from a sleep-walking dream and recovering the reversion of the human soul of which the true *lobis-homen* must inevitably forfeit the tenure. Tales are many where a particularly savage wolf being sorely wounded by some peasant in a midnight fray has yet escaped by a seeming miracle. The next morning the unsuspected brother or sister of the peasant himself is seen with a wound of identically the same nature, and so has proved to be nothing less than a foul *lobis-homen* or *lobreira*.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

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INCANDESCENT LAMPS IN MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS.—In recent medical experiments on horses, in Vienna, the incandescent lamp played an important part. The subject was disease of the nostril, and by inserting the lamp with mirrors very successful results were obtained. The apparatus was provided with a cooling arrangement, allowing cold water to circulate round the lamp.—*Electrical Review*.



THE HON. JOSEPH ALERIC OUIMET, Q. C., SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The gentleman whose portrait we here present to our readers was born at Ste. Rose, Laval County, Quebec, on the 20th of May, 1848. He belongs to a family that settled in the district of Montreal more than a century ago, and has always held a position of influence. His father was Mr. Michel Ouimet, J. P., his mother, Elizabeth St. Louis Filiau. He was educated at the Seminary of Ste. Therese de Blainville, and took his course of law in Victoria University, of which he is LL. B. He studied in the office of Mr. E. Barnard, advocate, and was called to the Bar of Quebec in 1870. He has ever since been engaged in the practice of his profession, being a member of the firm of Ouimet, Cornelli and Emard. In 1880 he was made a Q. C. In 1874 he became a member of the Board of Roman Catholic School Commissioners for Montreal. He is a director of the Montreal City and District Savings Bank, and has been President of the Laval Agricultural Society. He is well known in connection with the Volunteer movement, having risen by service to the position of Lieutenant-Colonel of the 65th Battalion, of which he had command during the North-West rebellion of 1885. He and his corps did good service in pacifying the Indians of the Edmonton district and conciliating the half-breeds. He has been chairman of the Council of the Dominion Rifle Association. In November, 1873, Lieut.-Col. Ouimet was returned to Parliament for his present seat, taking the place of the Hon. J. H. Bellerose, who had been called to the Senate. He was re-elected by acclamation in 1874, 1878 and 1882, and was once more returned at the general elections of 1887. On the 13th of April in that year he was unanimously chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, a position which he fills with dignity and impartiality. On the 30th of July, 1874, the Hon. Lieut.-Col. Ouimet married Miss Therese, daughter of Mr. Alfred LaRocque, of Montreal, and is the father of several children. In private, as in public, life the Speaker of the House of Commons is highly esteemed, and has many friends in both sections of our population.

MR. P. B. CASGRAIN, M. P.—Mr. Philippe Baby Casgrain is a son of the late Hon. Charles Eusebe Casgrain, who sat for Cornwallis in the Assembly of Lower Canada from 1830 to 1834, was a member of the Special Council of this province from 1838 to 1840, and in his later years held the office of Assistant Commissioner of Public Works under the Union. The family is one of the oldest and most distinguished in Canada, to which it came originally from Airvault, in Poitou, France. The early members of it in this country were officers in the French army, who received grants of the seigniories of La Bouteillerie, St. Denis and L'Islet de Bonsecours. By his mother's side, Mr. Casgrain is connected with the equally distinguished Baby family, his father having married Mademoiselle Anne Elizabeth, daughter of the late Hon. James Baby, for some time Speaker of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada. He was born in the city of Quebec in the year 1827. He was educated at the College of Ste. Anne. In 1854 he married Mlle. Mathilde, daughter of the late Col. Perrault and grand-daughter of the Hon. F. X. Perrault, for many years Prothonotary of the District of Quebec. Having studied law, he was called to the Bar in 1850, and in 1860 was made Prothonotary of the Superior Court, Quebec, an office which he retained until 1873. In that year he resigned his position in order to enter Parliament, to which he had been elected at the general elections of 1872. In 1874, 1878 and 1882 he was re-elected by acclamation. At the last general elections he was again returned. Mr. Casgrain's political career has been marked by independence and enlightened patriotism.

THE HON. R. P. GRANT, SENATOR, ETC.—This gentleman, whose portrait will be found on another page, is a son of the late Mr. Lewis Grant, bookseller and publisher, of Inverness, Scotland, where Senator Grant was born in the year 1814. Having been educated at the Royal Academy of his native city, he came to Canada in 1833, and in 1835 settled in Nova Scotia. In 1840 he married Miss Annie Carmichael, daughter of the late Mr. James Carmichael, of New Glasgow. Senator Grant has long taken an interest in political affairs. He was a candidate for parliamentary responsibilities three times before he secured election to the Nova Scotia Assembly as representative of the North Riding of the County of Pictou. This position he held from 1859 till 1863. He has been a consistent Liberal all through his public career. He differed, however, from his provincial colleagues on the question of Confederation, in which he discerned the opportunity of making all the provinces more progressive and prosperous than they could ever have been under the old system of isolation. On the 2nd of February, 1877, he was called to the Senate. Senator Grant resides at Sea Bank, Pictou, N. S.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, M. P.—There are few members of the House of Commons better known or better liked by both his colleagues and the community at large than Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin. Of Irish birth and a member of the English Bar, Mr. Davin is journalist, historian, orator, lecturer, poet and wit. He has friends everywhere, and his presence is always welcome. Though long enough

in Canada to have become thoroughly naturalized, he carries with him wherever he goes the evidence of his origin—the geniality, the readiness of retort, the faculty of being at home and making others feel that they are there too. Mr. Davin wields the pen of the ready and vigorous writer. He is the author of "The Irishman in Canada," of "An Epic of the Dawn and other Poems," and of various other works, all which bear the impress of a striking and attractive originality. With his poetical writings our readers are not unacquainted, as his pleasant little volume has been reviewed in our columns. A few years ago Mr. Davin transferred his penates to the North-West, taking up his abode in Regina, where he established the *Leader*. This journal he has conducted with ability, and as an organ of progressive opinion in new Canada it exercises a well-earned influence. At the last general elections Mr. Davin was returned for Assiniboia West, whose interests he ably represents in the House of Commons.

MR. WILLIAM PATERSON, M. P.—Mr. William Patterson, whose portrait is presented to our readers in this issue of our paper, is well known as one of the most zealous and able of our public men. He was born in 1839 at Hamilton, Ontario, whither his parents had come from Aberdeen. Having received a sound English and classical education, he early took an interest in the administration of affairs, and began his public life as deputy reeve of Brantford. Having served in that position from 1869 to 1871, he was in the following year elected Mayor of Brantford, and in the same year became a successful candidate for the representation of South Brant in the House of Commons, his opponent being the late Sir Francis Hincks, then Finance Minister of the Dominion. He was re-elected in 1874, 1878 and 1882, his opponent on each of these occasions being Mr. Alfred Watts, of Brantford. He was again returned at the last general election. Since his first appearance in Parliament, Mr. Paterson has been a sturdy Reformer, his voice being generally heard when any great question is being discussed, and his arguments always carrying weight. He is an effective speaker, and in debate a formidable opponent, though his genial temper never allows his vigorous criticism to degenerate into rancour or bitterness. In his own county, Mr. Paterson possesses no ordinary influence. With the progress of the city of Brantford his name has been closely identified for more than a quarter of a century. His commercial career has been characterized by steady application and deserved success. His parents having been carried off by cholera on the same day in August, 1849—his father at Port Dover, where he had gone on business, and his mother at her home in Hamilton—he was taken charge of by the Rev. Andrew Farrier, D.D., of Caledonia, an old friend of the family. At the age of fifteen he became clerk in a grocery store in Brantford, and in this situation he remained till 1863, when he formed a partnership with Mr. H. B. Leeming for the manufacture of biscuits and confectionery. In 1876, that gentleman having retired, Mr. Paterson became sole proprietor of the factory, which under his careful management has become a most thriving industry. On the 10th of September, 1863, Mr. Paterson married Lucy Clive Davies, daughter of Mr. T. C. Davies, of Brantford, by whom he has had several children. Mr. Paterson's integrity, public spirit and kindness of nature have won him the esteem of many friends.

LIBRARY OF PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA (EXTERIOR VIEW)—The most characteristic architectural feature of the Canadian capital is the splendid pile of Parliament Buildings, covering a commanding site on a bluff of the river bank. Of the whole vast structure, not the least attractive portion is the Library, of the exterior of which we present our readers with a view. It is in the rear of the central building, with which it is connected by means of corridors. In shape it is polygonal, with a buttress at each angle, surmounting which are flying buttresses supporting the dome. The height from floor to top of lantern is 142 feet. The Library contains over 100,000 volumes. Messrs. Decelles and Griffin are joint librarians.

ELORA SCENES.—The village of Elora, which is the centre of some of the most wonderful scenery in Canada, is in Wellington County, Ont., and is situated at the confluence of the Grand and Irvine rivers, about fourteen miles from the city of Guelph. The name is said to have been given to it from the supposed resemblance of certain features in the rock formations to the extraordinary hypogea architecture of the Indian Ellora, near the city of Aurangabad. The structures that invite admiration in this charming spot differ, however, from those of its Oriental namesake in being Nature's own workmanship. The views on the Irvine river, as shown in our illustration, on the Grand river, and at the junction of the larger and smaller streams, are unsurpassed in no country of the world for those features that attract the artist's and the poet's eye. "The Grand river, rising 1,600 feet above the sea, wanders moodily through the fens and dark forests of the northern townships, and then at Fergus suddenly plunges into a deep gorge, from which it emerges about two miles below the Falls of Elora, the whole descent of the river within the ravine being about sixty feet. A little below Elora the Grand river is joined by the Irvine, which bursts through a gorge similar in depth and rivalling the other in beauty. The lofty rock-walls of these ravines are of magnesian limestone which, through the solvent action of Spring and the disruptive force of frost, has been burrowed and chiselled into endless caverns and recesses. These romantic retreats have lately been made accessible and inviting by stairways and seats, but in primeval times they could only

have been reached by some secret pathway. The chasm was then wooded to its very verge, and the doorways of the caves were securely screened from view." The country of which Elora was the wild metropolis in the reign of terror of the middle of the 17th century, which ended in the breaking up of the Jesuit Missions, was the realm of the Attiwandaronks, or Neutrals, once so powerful. Many Indian relics, not unreasonably referred to the period of sanguinary struggle, have been collected in the vicinity and deposited, mainly through the zealous care of Mr. David Boyle, in the interesting Elora Museum. In 1880 beads, evidently of the variety used for making the violet or most precious wampum, were found in the Grand river ravine. They were found hidden in a recess in the cliff face, and give a possible glimpse of surprise and flight and massacre. The historic associations of the region are intensely interesting to the Canadian student. Not less so, from a different point of view, is the later story of settlement. Part of that story is told by Mr. Burrows in his memorial volume, "The Annals of the Town of Guelph." Its share in the more comprehensive history of Upper Canadian colonization is narrated in the pages of Mr. Smith's "Canada, Past, Present and Future," and its topography and romantic story, as giving additional charms to its rare scenery, are pleasantly and instructively set forth by Dr. Hunter in the satisfying pages of "Picturesque Canada."

DEVIL'S LAKE, ETC., NEAR BANFF.—This body of water is one of the charms of the Rocky Mountain Park. As some of our readers are aware, this reservation is an area 26 miles long in a north easterly direction by 10 miles wide toward the south-west. It embraces the most interesting portion of the valley, of the Spray, Bow and Cascade rivers, and some of the most striking mountain ranges. Northward towers Cascade mountain, nearly 10,000 feet high; eastward are seen Ingismaldie and the heights of the Fairholme sub-range. It is just behind this eminence that Devil's Lake is situated. Besides the rare grandeur of the scenery around it, this lake has the advantage of being well stocked with trout of extraordinary size, which afford sportsmen—especially anglers and those who enjoy trolling—an abundance of amusement. The famous bighorn sheep and Rocky Mountain goat (some of Capt. Peter's experiences with which, as illustrated by his own pencil, our readers may recall) are to be found in the neighbouring heights. The lake is not lacking in romantic associations—some Indian legends that are related to tourists being characteristic both of the scene and the name. The wonderful thing about Devil's Lake and its surroundings is, however, that it is not only accessible by railway, but that the visitor can revel winter and summer in the wild nature and life, and at the same time be in touch with the comforts, luxuries and culture of civilization. The Natural Monument is one of those marvellous results of the slow processes of nature's handiwork in which this mountain scenery abounds. Now it is a temple, now a giant keep with turrets, bastions and battlements. It seems almost impossible that such structures should have come into being and attained such perfection of outline without the head or hand of man having any share in them.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES, BY R. HARRIS, R. C. A.—"Two women placed together," a poet tells us, "makes cold weather." The temperature here has risen evidently. The snowshoe is in a dilemma, though from his look and attitude we should say that the moment of hesitation is over, and that he has resolved to enjoy his tramp and the companionship of the siren who draws him away. He goes not without regret, perhaps, but, to judge by appearances, he leaves more regret behind than he takes with him. Is it a situation like that which Gay has rhymed in The Beggar's Opera :

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away?"

At any rate it is an interesting group to contemplate, thoroughly of the soil and of the season—just such a glimpse of real life, with its sunshine and its shadows, its exultation, its conscious or unconscious cruelty, its tragedy under the mask of pleasure, as we may catch any day in this winter of our discontent."

"SQUINT" AND SPECTACLES.

A recent writer on ophthalmic surgery calls attention to the fact that many cases of "squint" in children, which, if left to themselves, become so pronounced that only a surgical operation can be of service to them, would be easily cured by the use of proper spectacles if seen by a competent specialist in the earlier stages of the affection. The present generation, he says, has witnessed many improvements in the operation for squint. The objects to be aimed at by operation have become well understood. But it is stated that Board schools and other educational establishments are still busily engaged in manufacturing fresh cases, though, thanks to improved spectacles, there are now fewer squints requiring operation than formerly. Age is hardly a bar to the wearing of spectacles, quite young children soon becoming accustomed to their use. It is possible that enthusiastic specialists may sometimes carry their principles too far. The sight of so many boys and girls in streets, and schools, and offices with "spectacles on nose" is not encouraging. Still, if many of the youthful patients are merely undergoing a temporary treatment for squint there is less reason for regret. Undoubtedly, it is better for a child to wear spectacles for a few years, and thus to be cured, than to have to run the risk of tendon section in later life.—*Hospital.*

PERSONAL

Mr. J. A. Gemmill, barrister, has been lecturing at Ottawa on divorce.

Mr. E. G. Conklin has been appointed Clerk of the Manitoba Legislature.

Mr. J. A. Chicoyne, manager of *Le Pionnier*, has been elected Mayor of Sherbrooke.

Mr. C. O. Ermatinger, of St. Thomas, Ont., has been appointed junior County Judge for Elgin.

We are happy to learn that Senator Macdonald, of Toronto, is recovering from his recent illness.

Col. Prior, M.P., was seized with an attack of faintness some days ago, which happily did not last long.

His friends at Brockville are about to give a banquet to Mr. J. F. Wood, M.P., on his election to the Deputy Speakership.

Mr. Daly, M.P. for Selkirk, has recovered from an attack of illness, and has reached Ottawa to attend to his parliamentary duties.

Lieut.-Col. Henshaw was at Constantinople and in the enjoyment of excellent health when heard from last week by his friends in this city.

Mr. A. R. Milne has been appointed Collector of Customs at Victoria, B.C. Mr. B. E. Johnson takes a like position at Richibucto, N.B.

Mr. Hall, M.P. of Sherbrooke, P.Q., will shortly go to England in connection with the superphosphate works to be started in that thriving city.

February 1 was the birthday of the Hon. John Costigan, Minister of Inland Revenue. The honorable gentleman received many congratulations.

Mr. H. H. Cook, M.P. for Simcoe, has signified his intention of voting against Mr. Dalton McCarthy's bill for the abolition of the French language in the North-West.

A Canadian Club has been formed at Harvard University. Its officers are: President, F. W. Nicholson; vice-president, C. W. Colby; secretary-treasurer, A. W. McRae.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett has dedicated his new novel—probably his strongest prose work—"The Evil that Men Do," to Prof. Roberts in most warm and complimentary terms.

Mr. Charles Mackenzie, M.P.P. for West Lambton, moved, and Dr. Gilmour seconded, the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Ontario Legislature.

The Hon. Mr. Mercier, Premier of Quebec, made an eloquent speech in defence of the "B.A. bill" of Mr. J. S. Hall, M.P.P., of this city, which, for the second time, passed the Assembly.

It was observed that at a dinner given by Sir John A. Macdonald on the 1st inst., Lady Macdonald had a former Governor of Manitoba on either side of her—Sir Adams Archibald and the Hon. Wm. Macdougall.

The last report of the Department of State pays a deserved tribute to Mr. Grant Powell, late Under-Secretary, for his long and faithful services, extending over nearly half a century. Mr. Powell's portrait appeared in our last issue.

Mr. W. A. Nichols, cashier of Messrs. Frothingham & Workman, was on the 1st inst. presented with a beautifully illuminated address and a fine gold watch. Mr. W. N. Evans made the presentation on behalf of the employees of the firm.

The nomination of the Hon. L. R. Masson, of Terrebonne, as Senator of the Dominion, has given universal satisfaction. Senator Masson has been Minister of Militia and Defence, President of the Council and Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

At a dinner given by the Hon. G. E. and Mrs. Foster on the 31st ult., the following were invited guests:—Hon. John Haggart, Hon. Senator Botsford, Messrs. J. F. Wood, George Taylor, Roome, Freeman, Guillet and Josiah Wood, M.P.'s, Mr. Baird, M.P., and Mrs. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mackintosh, Dr. and Mrs. Wiggins, and Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Jenkins.

Hon. J. A. and Madame Chapleau entertained the following ladies and gentlemen at dinner on the evening of the 31st ult.:—Sir John A. and Lady Macdonald, Sir A. P. and Lady Caron, Hon. J. and Miss Carling, Sir John and Lady Thompson, Hon. Geo. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Decelles, Col. Irwin, Sir James and Lady Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Skead, Mr. Alex. Ferguson, Miss Caron and Miss H. Taschereau.

The Hon. James McShane gave a dinner at the St. Louis Hotel, Quebec, on Thursday, January 30, at which the Hon. Mr. Starnes, Speaker of the Legislative Council, the Hon. Mr. Mercier, Premier of the Province, the Hon. Mr. Tailton, leader of the Opposition, Mr. J. S. Hall, Q.C., M.P.P., of Montreal, and Messrs. Robidoux, Tessier, Lemieux, and others, were present. The speakers complimented the host on his generous public spirit and freedom from narrow sectionalism.

Mr. J. F. Norris, who has been for over twenty years engaged in journalism in Montreal, left last Monday for Victoria, B.C., where he will take a position on the staff of the *Colonist*. His friends presented Mr. Norris with a purse, as a testimonial of their esteem, Mr. James Stewart representing his old confreres, many of whom were present. Judge Foster, Mr. Parmalee, of Waterloo, Mr. Carroll Ryan, Mr. Alf. Perry, and others, expressed the high opinion they entertained of Mr. Norris's qualities and abilities.

The Speaker and Mrs. Ouimet gave a dinner in their rooms in the Parliament buildings on the evening of the 28th ult., to which the following guests were invited:—Sir John and Lady Macdonald, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir A. P. and Lady Caron, Hon. J. A. and Mrs. Chapleau, Hon. Speaker and Mrs. Allan, Sir John and Lady Thomson, Deputy Speaker Wood, Messrs. Bergeron, Massue, Desjardins, Bain (Soulange), Curran, Davis, Taylor and Col. Prior, M.P.'s; Dr. and Mrs. Bourinot, and Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Macdonell.

At the annual meeting of the Sanitary Association on the 30th ult., Messrs. P. A. Peterson, H. Wallis, R. B. Angus, W. Cassils, E. S. Clouston, J. Kennedy, J. Lewis, H. C. Scott, E. G. Penny, S. P. Stearns, H. Montague Allan, Hollis Shorey, John Taylor, Hon. George A. Drummond, Dr. R. McDonald and Dr. J. C. Cameron. The secretary (Prof. Bovey) and treasurer are *ex officio* members of the council. The council later elected Mr. P. A. Peterson president, Messrs. H. Montague Allan and J. Lewis vice-presidents, and Mr. W. M. Ramsay treasurer.

The annual dinner of the medical faculty of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, took place at the St. Lawrence Hall in this city on the evening of the 31st ult. Dr. F. W. Campbell presided. Seated on his right were Rev. Principal Adams, Drs. Hingston, Reddy, Scott, Hutchison, England, Carson, Jack, Rollo Campbell and Foley. On his left were Drs. W. Gardner, Lapthorne Smith, Perrigo, Armstrong and Proudfoot, and Professors Bemrose and Donald. Representing the sister institutions were: McGill, Mr. Addy, '90; Victoria, Mr. C. A. Brady, '90; Laval, medicine, Mr. G. LaBreche Smith, '90; Laval, law, M. J. Chaffers, '90; Lennoxville, Mr. D'Arcy Clayton, B.A., '90. Mr. Chancellor Heneker was unable to be present through press of business. Speeches were made by the Rev. Principal Adams, Dr. Hingston, Dr. Gardner, Messrs. Addy, Clayton, Chaffers and Brady, and Drs. Armstrong and Perrigo.

The Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M., met at Quebec on the 29th ult., the chair being occupied by M. W. Bro. I. H. Stearns, Grand Master, with the following officers:—E. R. Johnson, Sherbrooke, D.G.M.; S. Lebourveau, Sherbrooke, acting G.S.W.; John Shaw, Quebec, acting G.J.W.; J. S. Isaacson, Montreal, Grand Secretary; A. G. Adams, Montreal, Acting Grand Treasurer. The election of officers resulted as follows: I. H. Stearns, Grand Master; Henry Russell, M.D., Deputy; W. Bro. Henry Davidson, G.S.W., Sherbrooke; W. Bro. Geo. E. Robinson, G. J. W.; D. D. G. M.'s, E. T. D. Chambers, Quebec district; H. S. Couper, Montreal district; Augustin A. Lee, St. Francis; C. B. Tabor, Bedford district; Frank B. Farnsworth, Shefford and Brome; Jas. N. Wright, Ottawa district; Rev. W. Percy Chambers and Rev. J. F. Renaud, Chaplains; Frank Edgar, Treasurer; Geo. Rolt White, Grand Registrar, and J. H. Isaacson, Grand Secretary.

HYMN TO CANADA.

O Canada! thy regal head
Lift higher to the skies,
Pride with humility be wed
Deep in thy tender eyes;
Stand forth to a more honoured place,
Fair though thy past hath been,
Stand forth, and vindicate thy race,
Thou Daughter of a Queen!

As Venus from the ocean
In living beauty sprang,
And stood without emotion
While Heaven with plaudits rang!
So thou, my own dear land, arose
Far on the Western sea,
A hope to glad the hearts of those
Who dream of Liberty!

Think what thy storied past hath been,
Thy guarded, ancient lore,
The deeds thy former years have seen,
Remembered evermore!
For thee, a babe of nations,
The best of blood was spilt,
And firmly thy foundations
On heroes' bones were built!

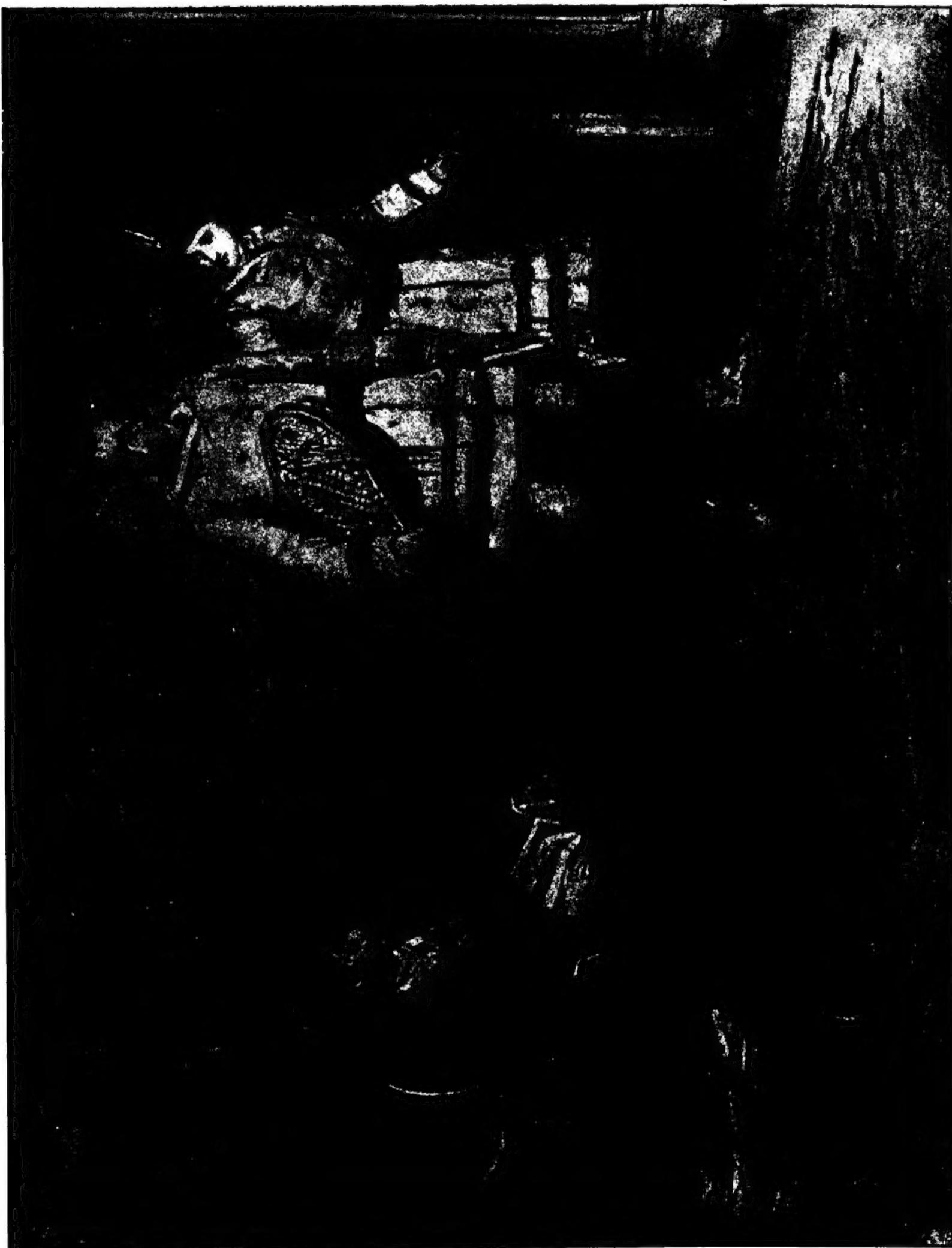
O Canada, unworthy
Of them thou shalt not be!
All noble ends to further
The constant aim of thee,
Till, in the van of nations
Thyself a Star shall shine,
Midst those fair constellations
Led by the Voice Divine!

KAY LIVINGSTONE.



VIEW ON THE GRAND RIVER, ELORA, ONT.

(From a photo, by T. D. Manchee, Toronto Am. Photo. Ass.)



BETWEEN TWO FIRES!
(From a sketch by Robt. Harris, R.C.A.)

The Guard Ring.

I had been reading "Undine" to a newly-made friend, hoping that the tender witchery of that charming fable might soothe for an hour or so the lingering pains and weariness of a tedious convalescence. The listener was a man of many and almost matchless gifts of nature, and well-equipped for the world's warfare by the advantages of a liberal education,—a gentleman of good family and fortune, yet somewhere there was a paralyzing blight upon these endowments.

He had been very ill and did not rally easily. His bodily strength returned slowly, and found but a feeble ally in the listless spirit which seemed to have a scant welcome for each succeeding day that, nevertheless, brought a renewal of life to one apparently too indifferent to value the precious respite.

During his protracted recovery he had a constant craving for books. He was not strong enough to read for himself, and he was not grateful for the services of masculine friends. Only a woman's voice was endurable to him, and out of a bevy of ladies, all anxious to comfort him, only two or three could really please him. In truth he was a good deal of a sybarite, who must not have his rose leaves crumpled. Women had always petted him, and although he expected as much from them, he was not an unthankful favourite.

He liked ponderous reading, too. But sometimes Homer and Virgil grew a trifle monotonous to his feminine readers, and the doings of the Spaniards in the Netherlands and the exploits of other historical human fiends in all ages and quarters of this afflicted world so horribly uncomfortable that he was willing enough to diverge into some of Tennyson's heavenly music—only Tennyson at his best would do—or content to be lulled by the sweet magical romance of a tale like "Undine."

The story was getting melancholy, the fate of the water-sprite being evident, when he said :

"Don't read any more now. Talk to me a little while if you are not tired."

"I should have chosen something more cheerful," I replied. "Though so pure and fanciful, Undine's history is sad and unsatisfactory."

"It is all the truer for that," he said. "I suppose there are some happy ones. We now and then see people who look happy, but I am afraid life is mostly unsatisfactory."

I saw that he wanted to talk, that he was in a mood whose tension needed that relief, and pointing to a diamond of extraordinary beauty upon his left hand, I remarked :

"That is a regal stone. Diamonds are often larger, but I have seldom seen one of such exquisite colour and lustre."

"Yes," he replied, "there are few handsomer. The cutting is perfect."

"And yet you only wear it as a guard," I said.

"Yes," he assented, "that is the use I make of it. I could better lose it than the ring I wear inside. That is all I have left to recall a time that comes, once at least, to each one of us. It floated to shore after my shipwreck. I bought the diamond for a guard."

"Shall I tell you about it?" he added, presently.

"I am sorry to hear that you have been shipwrecked," I answered. "One would think your bark should have had a prosperous voyage, but we all put out upon an unknown sea. You know I shall like to hear anything concerning yourself that you choose to tell me."

"You will think me foolish and weak, I dare say," he said. "But you won't laugh at me, and I am lonely and childlike enough just now to be comforted by sympathy."

He took off the diamond, which shone with the tremulous light of Venus when she hangs at twilight in the darkening west, and was worthy to adorn her famous girdle—

"In which was every art and every charm
To win the wisest and the coldest heart."

And then removed the inner ring from his finger and handed it to me.

It was a fine black onyx, with a tiny spray of forget-me-nots most delicately engraved in their natural colours upon the polished surface, set in plain massive gold. Upon the circular part of the setting at the back of the jewel was inscribed : "For old acquaintance' sake."

"Of course there's a woman in it," I said, as I returned him the ring.

"There's always a woman in it when a man is crippled for life, and I am one of the fools who continue to love the hand that smote them," he answered, with a tone in his voice that was bitter, but not harsh. "Yes," he went on, "I loved her as Circe's dupes loved their false goddess, and she transformed me to what I am. I was once a better man."

"If I were to do my duty," I said, "I should tell you that no human creature is worth the cost of going wrong. This is a truth too sound to admit of dispute, and I could preach to you from that text and leave you no chance to contradict me; but truth itself is not always applicable. We are as nature makes us, and neither you nor I can always find comfort, though it is inherent there, in the inexorable law of right."

"You have heard," said he, "of Constance Latimer. I don't think you ever saw her, but you have been among people who knew all about her, and she is one of those who leave vivid recollections behind them both agreeable and otherwise. She made quite a stir in society when she was here visiting, but I was then absent."

"Did you fall into her fair hands?" I asked. "They were 'white wonders' like Juliet's I have been told, but had the touch of a sorceress. I have heard many things of her, but thought these little romances were mostly gossip, flavoured, perhaps, with a spice of envy. A woman, I dare say you know, must not be too beautiful and triumphant. Her less favoured sisters will not tolerate it. They will take measures, not always the most scrupulous, to inflict the penalties that usually appertain to victory."

"Yes," he assented, "I am afraid women are spiteful. But there is something to be said for them in that respect. They don't like to see pleasant things slipping away, and I suppose they can't help taking some revenge."

"Never mind the others," I answered. "Tell me about Constance. I fear her name was inconsistent with her behaviour."

"It is seven years since I first met her," he said. "We were fellow-passengers on an ocean steamship. She had been travelling in Europe with her parents. I had been in England on professional business,—sent there with an appeal to the Privy Council regarding a complicated case of disputed property. Some of the heirs were living in New York, some in England, and the matter had been publicly heard on both sides of the water. People said I had distinguished myself, and I was a good deal flattered. Existence on shipboard is a tiresome routine unless you have some peculiar interest to engage you. But from the hour I was introduced to Constance Latimer life was intensified to me by a passion that neither time nor heartless falsehood have had power to kill or cure. One would think I might have been cured before now, it is a surer process than killing, but I am not; and I would take her to-morrow gladly, knowing her deserts perfectly, for I am not at all a blind idiot about her, if I could get her, and think it a sweeter fate than the peace and security which a better woman's truth and love could provide for me."

He spoke with a passionate longing, which verified his assertion that he was not cured of his unhappy love.

"I have proved this," he resumed, "because I tried what solace there might be in the power of a better woman to give, and although deep wounds are sometimes healed and shattered lives patched up by that rather selfish process, my experiment resulted, as such attempts often do, and testified to the folly of putting new wine into old bottles. Do you know a song called 'The Garden?'" he continued. "There are some lines in it whose bitter truth and passion are the simple echo of that phase of my story."

"I made another garden, yea,
For my new love,
I left the dead rose where it lay,
And set the new ab^{ove}e
Why did the summer not begin?
Why did my heart not hasten?
My old love came and walked therein,
And laid the garden waste."

"That must be a dismal discovery," I remarked; "but I fancy it is a not uncommon surprise to many, who, stung by treachery, have rushed at the tempting remedy in question. Love was so sweet in that happier day that they think any love will have the flavour of the spilt nectar, but are amazed to find that the cup-offered by a strange hand contains no divine draught but only a quack medicine."

"Exactly," said he. "The cup that is infallible in the right hand holds a nostrum with all the individual magic left out. It is the play without Hamlet."

"But after all," I persisted, "I am encouraging you in a theory I do not myself believe. There is always compensation if we do not disdain a little patience, and will honestly accept our fate."

"Perhaps," he replied, "I shall never know, because that is just what men like me wont do. We wont accept our fate patiently and honestly try to make the best of it. We are filled with wrath and untameable regrets, of self-reproach and wild, foolish convictions, that our misfortune has been partly due to some fault or folly of our own, when all the while at the bottom of our despairing hearts we know, if we could bear to look at the truth, that there has been nothing wrong but the shallowness of a cold and fickle heart. Then we, perhaps, try to make 'another garden,' as the song says, and when we find that no better than a desert, we rush into no less profitable occupations. We play high and drink too much champagne, flirt without scruple or compassion with those who practice that accomplishment, and go generally to the bad."

"Oh, dear!" I responded to this tirade, "though I know you are all wrong, I see it is useless to contradict you. Tell me how it happened."

"What happened is not much of a tale to tell," he said. "Constance Latimer and I for a few happy days wove together a piece of life's web of a pattern, common enough I suppose, but to one of us, at least, glowing with a promise that was dearer than the joy of heaven. There was on board another man, who had been previously with her party and who was conspicuously her admirer; but she treated him with complete, even ostentatious indifference, and then threw him over entirely when I came in the way. The night before we reached port she and I were on the upper deck watching the glittering water through which we were cutting our way."

"What beauty," she said, "the motion of the vessel and the moonlight make. The crest of every wave is a full of the most exquisite lace showered all over with diamond dust."

"The comparison would not have occurred to me, but it seemed such a natural thing for her to say, and gave me an opportunity of complimenting her upon a woman's delicate fancies."

"Oh, yes," she said, with a candour that made no pretence of rapture over the scene before us. "I was thinking how I should look in lace like that. If the lace designers knew where to look for perfection in their art, what ideas they might get and what fabrics we should have to wear?"

"She was one of those women upon whom lace looks as natural as the bloom on their cheeks or the gloss on their hair."

"I want you to tell me what she looked like," I interjected. "I have heard the opinion of others as to her beauty."

"Well," he replied, "I suppose nobody denied her beauty, although the fact made the women—to be just, not all of them—savage. In height, shape and carriage she was graceful and distinguished looking, and her face was a faultless flower of loveliness. A soft complexion of that sea-shell pink hue which nothing spoils, dark brown sunny eyes, and darker brows and a little red mouth, and long gold-brown hair. That is what she looked like to me, and I think to others also."

"I knew," he continued, "we should scarcely have such another uninterrupted hour, and while we lingered about the moonlit deck that evening, with the humility and courage of honest love, I asked her to marry me. I told her that if I had won some prizes in life, or should gain more, such distinctions would henceforth be empty and worthless to me unless she consented to take a wife's share in them; and I spoke the simple truth, the truth then and now. She was not surprised, of course. She had known from the first what she could do with me, and was besides in the zenith of her power and accustomed to daily homage. She did not refuse or even discourage me, but said in a tone between jest and earnest :

"I have no rivals here. Wait till we get on shore for your answer. You are going to your world and I to mine. If you are in the same mind a month hence come and tell me over again what you have been saying to-night."

"I didn't complain of this probation, and a month later went to New York as she had bidden me. She accepted my proposals with a tenderness that enraptured me, but wished me not to speak formally to her father and mother at that time, although they were aware of my errand. I agreed to this because I had such a few hours of delight at my command. I had engagements at home so important that only an interest superlative to all others could have overruled them for a moment, and I had to hasten back to defend a client whose life was hanging by a thread, a frail thread, too, for I knew the man to be guilty, and knew also that it would take all the skill of which I was master to persuade a jury that he was innocent.

"I went back to work like a giant refreshed with wine, and resolved that Constance should hear of my success. I saved the fellow, for which mankind owes me no thanks. He was an abominable specimen of our race, but it was my duty to rescue him from the penalty he had justly earned, if possible, and I did it. I got a good deal of praise for talking the jury into giving a favourable verdict. My brethren of the Bar said I was the only man among them who could have secured it, and it is no unwarrantable boast when I say that I stood high in my profession. I had only one thought, 'Will she be glad of my triumph? Will she take any pride in it?'

"I wrote regularly to Constance telling her all my news, and always got pretty letters in return, and it was arranged between us that I should go to New York in the Christmas holidays and finally settle our engagement and the preliminaries of an early marriage. It was late in December when, one day sitting alone in my office making plans for a future which a minute later deserted me for ever, the postman handed me a letter from Constance.

"The sheet was full of selfish excuses, and weak, insincere self-reproach, and puerile explanations, and hopes that I would not be too much vexed or disappointed. I suppose she was really incapable of judging my feelings; but the meaning of it all was, and she made her meaning plain and decisive enough, that I was not to go to New York at Christmas, that she had changed her mind, had been mistaken in her regard for me, and was going to marry George Gillespie, who had been attached to her so long. Gillespie was the man who I told you was on board the steamer where I first saw her.

"Well, I could only take her at her word. I had no redress, and I would have scorned to squabble with a woman for her hand when she told me she wanted to give it to another man.

"Gillespie had been following her about for a long time afterwards. He was neither cleverer nor handsomer than I, but he had far more money, though I was not a poor man. He could give her thoroughbred horses to drive, and bigger diamonds and rubies than I could afford, and lace, for that was her special point, of any fabulous price or pattern she chose to fancy. And she took him for these things. She said she liked me, and putting natural delusion aside, I think she did; but she liked a front seat in the world's tabernacles better, and could not resist such a prospect.

"I had pride and sense enough to make no lamentations to Constance. I did not even answer her letter. She would have liked a pathetic parting, but I was not quite silly enough to gratify her. I howled in private, but I have never been good for anything since,—neither work nor play has any savour in it. She took the core out of my life and left me the empty husk for my portion."

"The husk has its value," I said, "when it holds the grain, but none of us covet the shell when the kernel is lost. I should like to hear your own account of the new 'garden' you planned. I know what outsiders say."

"What do they say? But it's no matter," he replied. "You mean my spasmodic attempt to marry Nina Stanhope? She was a dear little dainty morsel, a bird of passage, who came here to visit her relatives, the Carrolls. I always associate her in my mind with the birds of spring. She came in April with the swallows while I was still smarting from the intolerable blow I got at Christmas, and there was such comfort in her sweet unworldly nature that her innocent talk and the glance of her soft candid eyes were like healing balm to my sore heart, and I followed her about perpetually until those who looked on said, naturally enough, that 'Eustace Allan was in love again.'"

"One thing I see clearly," I observed as he paused for a moment, "she certainly did not jilt you. You are quite too civil about her for that to have occurred."

"Oh! that is what my friends say, is it?" he responded. "No, she did not jilt me. She never did anything in her life that was not good and true. We jilted each other by mutual consent, and I never think of her without being glad that I was not selfish enough to cumber her fresh young life with the dreary restless spirit that destroys my own."

"However, as I have just told you, I had no pleasure apart from her, and for a time I really fancied that I had formed an effectual way of repairing the mischief which had been done me. It was from no desire to annoy Constance, to show her that I could forget her, that I sought a refuge in the affection of this girl whom the world had not spoiled. I was so charmed by the purity and simplicity of her character that I was honestly won into believing that all would be well again if she could love me. So I did as men in my case generally do, declared myself her lover, was accepted, and thought myself happy."

"I had been riding with her one day, and after leaving her at home had gone to my office to write some letters, when Jack Curzon, who knew how I had been thrown over by Constance, came in, and, giving me a small package, said:

"I have just seen Mrs. George Gillespie. She and her husband are at the Crescent, passing through on their wedding trip. She requested me to give you this with my own hands, and also desired me to ask you to call upon her at the hotel. They leave at midday to-morrow."

"My friend made no comment upon the message he brought, nor showed the least curiosity about the contents of the parcel with which he had been entrusted, but, being a man of good sense and feeling, abruptly departed.

"I opened the package and found this ring and read the words inside, 'For old acquaintance' sake,' and then I remembered the message she had sent me, this bride of another man, and felt that all my new-found happiness was a sham, shivered and lying in ruin before me, and that I loved this woman, however unworthy of my love or that of any other man she might be, with a passion whose intensity shook me with the grasp of a hurricane."

"An impious longing to comply with her invitation took possession of me. I may as well go, I thought. She can do me no further harm now. I shall never be free of this madness, and she will never let me go free while she can reach me, and I shall see her again once more. That will make up for what it will cost me."

"Well, this frenzy spent itself while I sat there alone, and I came to my senses so far as to resolve that I would conduct myself like a decent man. I would not go to see her. I had fought my battle with this temptation alone; but I knew that I could not trust myself in her presence, that there I was a slave, and I remembered that she had her bridegroom, and that I was engaged to marry Nina Stanhope."

"But the struggle mastered me to this extent, that I found it impossible to be the same man I had previously been to Nina. I strove hard to conceal from her the hopeless clog which had fastened upon my feelings, but I could not altogether hide the truth that the future upon which I had lately counted was stripped, as by some sudden curse, of the hope and spirit which had so warmed and cheered me."

"And if I had played my part better than I did, I should not have succeeded long in deceiving the clear-eyed little maiden. Besides, the recent marriage of Constance and her visit, brief as it was, to our city, had set tongues going and revived former gossip about her behaviour towards me, and Jack Curzon had spoken of her with some indignation and contempt, though he had not betrayed the mission upon which he had been employed when he sent him to me."

"So it came about that Nina heard of what had been between the beautiful Mrs. Gillespie and her own lover. A pleasant bit of news like that will never go untold while there are women upon this planet, and she asked me a few plain questions that went to the root of the matter."

"It was not possible to lie to such a girl, and indeed I was not quite unwilling, for her sake, to tell the truth, for I knew now that, with the best will to be otherwise, I should be an undeserving husband to one like her."

"It was a shock to her, and the sweet face turned pale and true, innocent tears fell over it; but they were not the bitter, scalding drops, that sometimes wash the light and joy out of a woman's eyes forever."

"I strenuously urged her to let me do my best, and told her that whatever my shortcomings might be, I should be proud to keep to my engagement if she would let me. But she was as firm as she was gentle. She even jested as she said:

"I will have no husband with a hole in his heart too big for me to fill. In that realm I must be queen, not a

bond-woman. We will part true friends. Perhaps we have both been a little mistaken."

"We separated without a shadow of bitterness or anger. She afterwards married Jack Curzon, and is, I believe, the happiest woman on this continent. He is a worthier husband than I should have been at my best, and his wife loves him, I am glad to say, with an ardour which has swept me out of her recollection as a lover, though we are all three fast friends."

"Do you ever hear anything now of Mrs. Gillespie?" I inquired when he had finished his story, the telling of which, like that of the "Ancient Mariner," seemed to be a necessity that brought relief to an oppressed memory.

"Yes," he answered. "I hear that she lives mostly between Paris and New York, that she is still renowned for her beauty, and still makes it a lure to bring men into captivity. She couldn't live, I fear, without that recreation. The world has never been without such women, the Delilahs who shear the locks of the credulous Sampsons who trust them. I hear, too, that she has an unfaithful husband, but I do not rejoice in that because she, perhaps, deserves it. I hate him for it, and I love her still."

I saw that my homilies would be not only vain, but exasperating to a man whose admirable gifts and opportunities were so perversely squandered, and kept my moral reflections and scraps of wisdom to myself. I knew that he was wrong, but it was useless to tell him so. He knew that as well as I. He did not want to hear unpalatable truth. He wanted a little tenderness and compassion just as he was. Undoubtedly the fair face and untrue heart of Constance Latimer had been his ruin, although his weakness and wilful infatuation seemed inexcusable. But who was to measure his amount of blame? Not I, nor any other of his fellow creatures. He was a man of some great qualities, all marred; keen feelings, miserably wasted; and noble acquirements, not unconsciously, perverted. Yet he would have scorned dishonour, or the thought of doing as he had been done by.

He recovered his usual strength in time, only to plunge into a more and more erratic life—wandering in aimless fashion to distant countries and strange and wild places in search of adventure or forgetfulness. I did not lose the deep interest I had felt in him, for he was one not easily forgotten; and two years later I heard with feelings of the most painful regret that he had died a violent death in the desolate Australian bush by the hand of a Russian, who was identified and shortly afterwards brought to justice by the fact that he had in his possession a valuable, well known to many persons, which had at last proved fatal to its owner—the identical Guard Ring.

A. C. J.

DISPARITY.

A little maid with hair and eyes of brown,
And rosy lips and cheeks of vivid red,
Stands by my side with troubled gaze cast down,
And o'er a book desponding droops her head.
A slate and pencil in her dimpled hand—
"Please, sir," the sweet voice pleads tremulously,
"I never can this problem understand!"
She's but eleven,—I am twenty-three.

"Come here, 'Carina Mia,'" I murmur low,
And round her gently steals "The Master's" Arm;—
'Tis easier to guide the pencil so,—
And gracious goodness! where can be the harm?
"My darling" brings no blushes to her face—
My heart-throbs no mischievous eyes can see,
My breath upon her forehead leaves no trace,—
She's but eleven—I am twenty-three.

A year goes by—more winsome grows the child—
So studious, gentle, sweet, bewitching, rare!
In spite of censor-conscience I'm beguiled
To love her—my most precious pupil there
Among a score; and then I'm sent away!
Some Argus' eyes have spied a fav'rite—more
Have "told tales" out of school; I must not stay,
Though she's but twelve—while I am twenty-four.

More years are fled—back from a foreign shore—
Eager, uncertain, anxious, up the street
I hasten swiftly to a cottage door
Framed thick in woodbine—praying there to meet
The child I loved—when lo! to my surprise
A maiden stands (great Heaven, am I too late!)
Beside a handsome youth with tender eyes.—
She's "sweet sixteen!" and I?—I'm twenty-eight!

But now she turns and sees me waiting there,
A swift blush brightens all the lovely face,
Her shy, glad greeting, drives the fiend despair
Straight from my soul back to his haunt apace.
The young Adonis his blonde moustache gnaws
And doubtless thinks while leaning on the gate
He kicks the turf impatient, then withdraws,
"No use, old fellow—you are twenty-eight!"

Days, weeks, ay months I linger near the town
And lovers hover round her by the dozen.
Sometimes with wearied air she sits her down
To rest near me—as if I were a cousin,—
So, "Fare thee well, my love," I say at last,
"I never now may hope to call thee mine;
I am too old!" A sweet, shy look, downcast—
"I'm seventeen—you're only twenty-nine."

FRANK ARTHUR FRENCH.



THE EIFFEL AERATOR.—A novel and interesting invention was exhibited at Anderton's Hotel. It consists of a machine for the almost instantaneous production of aerated waters automatically. The Eiffel aerator is very simple, water being placed in a copper cylinder and passed through an automatic pump, which is charged with natural gas brought from the springs of the extinct Eiffel volcano, in Khenish Prussia, with the result that an ice-cold aerated water is produced. It was stated that each tube of gas sold produces about two hundred dozen bottles, at an average cost of about one half-penny a dozen.—*Court Journal*.

OILING THE WAVES.—There can be no doubt that the use of oil for the safety of vessels in stormy weather is becoming more general. A Norwegian engineer has recently drawn attention to the important point of selecting the most suitable oil. A fat, heavy, animal oil, such as train oil, whale oil, etc., is decidedly the best, but as these oils in cold weather become thick, and partly lose their ability to spread, it is advisable to add a thinner mineral oil. Vegetable oils have also proved serviceable. Mineral oils, especially refined ones, are the least effective. Crude petroleum can be used in case of need, but refined petroleum is hardly any good at all.—*Industries*.

THE NORTH SEA AND BALTIC CANAL, which was commenced on June 3, 1887, will unite the Gulf of Kiel with the mouth of the Elbe, and will run from Holtenau by way of Rendsburg to a point midway between Brunsbüttel and St. Margarethen, a few miles below Hamburg. It will, when completed, be 61 miles long, 196 feet broad at the water level, 85 feet broad at the bottom, and 28 feet deep, and it will have but two locks—one at each end. The canal will take in the largest war-ship that has been or will be constructed in Germany, and will, moreover, take her at all states of the tide, and in less than eight hours it will be possible for her to proceed by it from Kiel to the Elbe, or vice versa.

PROPOSED BRIDGE ACROSS THE BOSPHORUS.—The most recent proposal for a huge bridge is for one across the Bosphorus, a project for which has been made out by a French engineering company. The historic and picturesque channel between the shores of Europe and Asia, which connects the sea of Marmora with the Euxine, is 872 yards broad, and it is proposed that the bridge to span it should be of one arch only. In these days of huge bridges this should not offer very serious difficulties from an engineering point of view, if the financial ones can be got over. Various projects have been put forward to the same effect during the past twenty years, but it was not considered that the bridge would be useful enough to justify the enormous expense which it would entail. Railways have, however, developed very much during recent years, and it is now thought that, if constructed, it would act as a link in the local railway system, and eventually pay a fair return on the money invested in it.—*Industries*.

A MUSHROOM MYTH.—It is a popular error that mushrooms grow to their full size during a single night, and that they dissolve and vanish after the sun shines upon them. They are rapid in growth and rapid in decay; but the same mushroom may be watched growing and expanding for two or three days, and then gradually decaying away. Much depends on the dampness or dryness of the season. In some seasons they are exceedingly plentiful, while at other times they are comparatively rare. This also is believed to depend chiefly on climatic conditions. It is not unusual for cultivated mushrooms to become attacked by a parasitic mould, which renders them unfit for food. This misfortune rarely happens to the wild form, until it is in process of decay. The catacombs of Paris are noted for their production of mushrooms in immense quantities. From the Méry caves as many as 3,000 pounds are sometimes sent to market daily. We have heard of a crop being grown in a hatbox.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

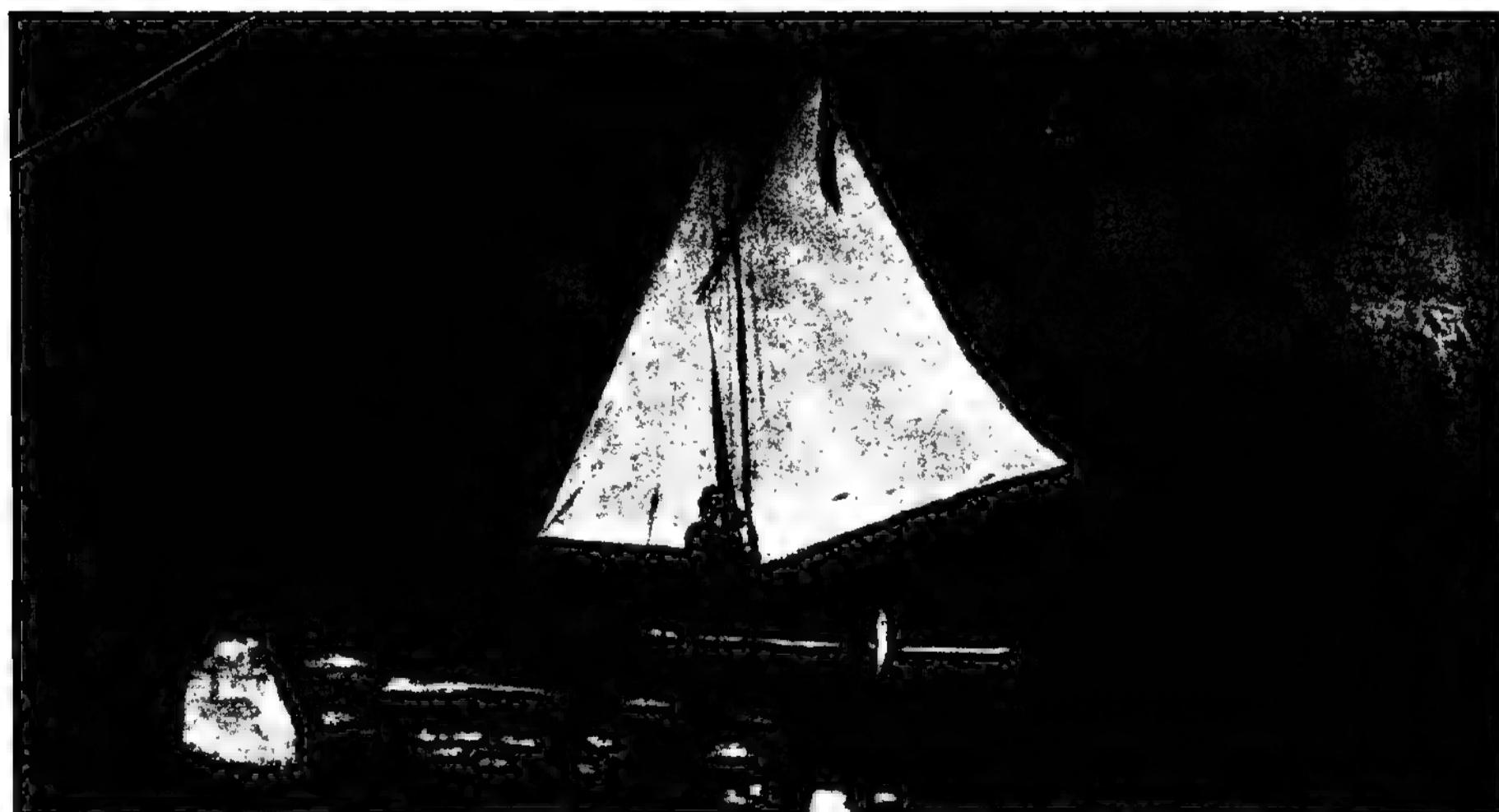
THE HEIGHT OF WAVES AT SEA.—The height of the sea waves has long been the subject of controversy. Eminent hydrographers have insisted that storm waves were usually not more than 10 feet high, and rarely over 20 when the conditions of the sea were most favourable for wave development. Many a traveller, reclining on a cabin transom, has looked up through the skylight to see the waves rearing their frothy crests, and wondered how even a 20-footer could show so high above a great ship's deck. Many a sailor dowsed by an up-driving wave while lying out on a topgallant yard has, doubtless, shaken his head incredulously when told that the highest waves were not above 20 feet, the rest being "heel" of ship and dip of yard. Now, however, comes expert testimony to prove that storm waves are often 40 feet and sometimes from 60 to 70 feet in height. In the recent British scientific expedition some instructive data were gathered by a sensitive aneroid barometer capable of recording its extreme rise and fall by an automatic register. "With a sea not subjected to an atmosphere of unusual violence, it indicated an elevation of 40 feet from the wave's base to crest." Admiral Fitzroy, after a long series of careful measurements from the maintop of his ship, came to a similar conclusion.—*Scientific American*.



P. CASGRAIN, M.P.
(W. J. Topley, photo.)



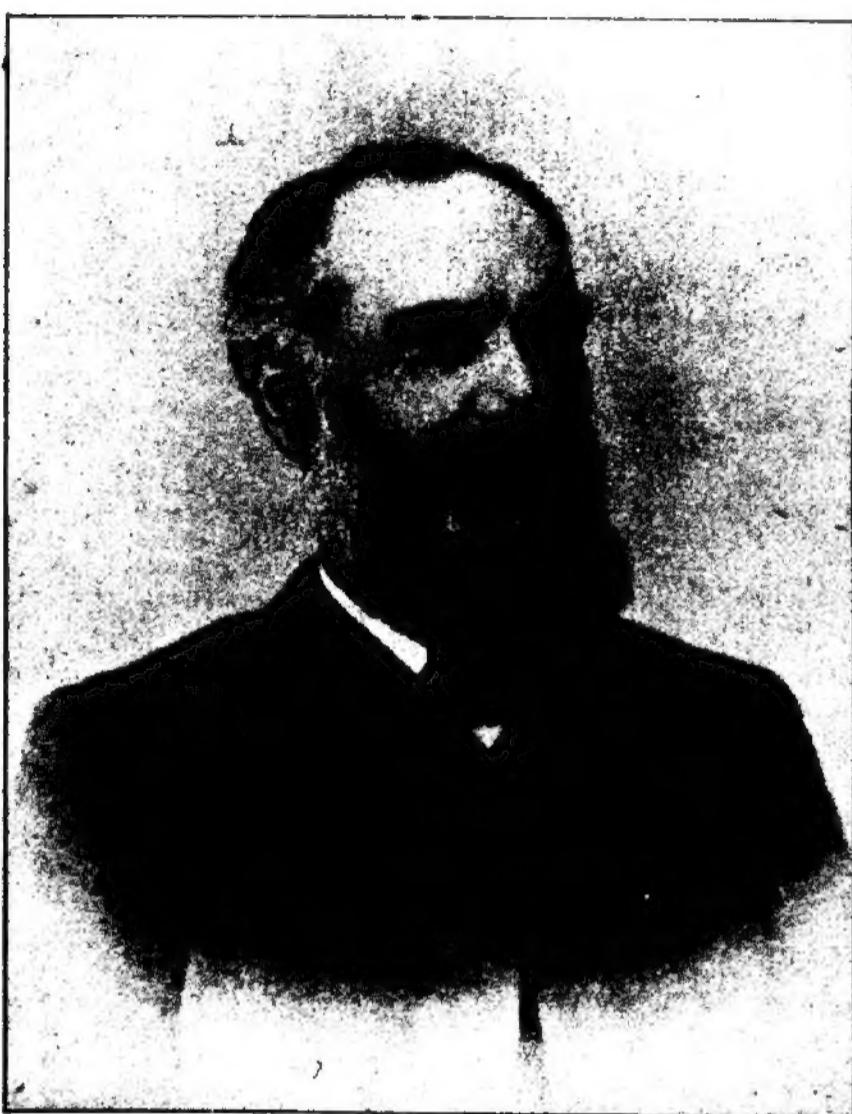
HON. R. P. GRANT, SENATOR.
(W. J. Topley, photo)



THE DEVIL'S LAKE, NEAR BANFF, CANADIAN ROCKIES, IN WINTER; ICE BOAT IN THE FOREGROUND.
(S. A. Smyth, photo., Calgary.)



N. F. DAVIN, M.P.
(W. J. Topley, photo.)



WM. PATERSON, M.P.
(Park & Co., photo., Brantford, Ont.)



THE NATURAL MONUMENTS, NEAR BANFF, ON THE C. P. R.
(S. A. Smyth, photo., Calgary.)



WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

The Viscountess Harberton read a paper on "Rational Dress," at the meeting of the Rational Dress Society, held lately in London, in the course of which she said that during the past year she had hardly met with any expressions of approval from women with regard to their present system of dress. Most of the remarks she had heard had been denunciatory of the weight, discomfort, or dragging, or—particularly from young women—the cold, when evening dress was worn. That was most cheering, at it marked the slow but steady advance of the knowledge that women were uncomfortable in carrying out the present system of dress. After referring in detail to the objections which reformers had to the present system and to the advantages of rational dress, she expressed the opinion that the only hope of reform was to be seen in a radical change to some kind of dress in which the clothing for the legs was dual. The clothing should clearly follow the shape of the form it was meant to cover.

The Directoire gown, has been pronounced by some to be the best gown for business women, the absence of full drapery and the plain skirts prevent it from encumbering the limbs, and relieve it from the unnecessary weight which has been so serious an objection to the old styles. The custom of making many of these dresses without pockets is not a necessity. The dress with seven pockets, referred to in the article entitled "Talks About Health," is the Directoire style. Four of these pockets are made in gentlemen's vests. Two are in the upper part of the vest, one for the watch and another for a pencil. The owner of this dress has had occasion many times to exclaim, "Oh! what a comfort that pencil pocket is to me. I never before could find my pencil." Two of the pockets referred to are placed in the lower part of the vest to be used for car tickets and small articles. In the back drapery are inserted two oblong pockets, the openings of which are drawn together by elastic cord. One of these is found most useful as a receptacle for a memorandum book, the other for a card-case. Under one of the panels on the right side is inserted a long pocket to be used for the handkerchief and purse; and on the other side, hidden also by one of the panels, can be placed another pocket for keys and other articles that are not needed for immediate use.

Mrs. W. A. Cockran, of Shelbyville, Indiana, has placed her name on the roll with the great inventors of the world, the result of her genius being a practical dish-washing machine. She began experimenting ten years ago. Her husband left her financially unable for a number of years to complete her undertaking. By the aid of friends, however, she finally succeeded, and has a machine designed to do the work now done by the thousands of girls and women the land over. The machine is wonderful and intricate. It is made in different sizes, for families and hotel purposes. It is also made both for hand and steam power, and is capable of washing, scalding, rinsing, and drying from five to twenty dozen dishes of all shapes and sizes in two minutes, the number of course depending on the size of the machine. Mrs. Cockran has recently disposed of her invention to an Illinois manufacturing firm for a large sum, and will receive a good royalty on all machines sold.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who is on a lecturing tour in the States, gave a lecture in Chickering Hall on the recent discoveries in Egypt. This "most learned woman in the world," as she is called, is not at all formidable in her appearance, but very charming and unaffected in her ways. She appeared upon the platform in a plain black gown, with no ornament but a gold necklace of strange design. Her voice is singularly sweet, and, though not powerful, she managed it with such discretion that it penetrated to every part of the large hall. General opinion is that no one ever accomplished much in more than one direction, but here is a woman who has won fame as well as a name as a journalist, a novelist, critic, lecturer, and, greatest of all, as an Egyptologist, beside being a poet, and an artist and a musician of no mean ability. Miss Edwards is the daughter of an English officer; she early showed a taste for art and letters, and began her literary career while little more than a girl. Her first novel appeared in 1855, when she was twenty-four, and was rapidly followed by others during the next twenty-five years.

Our esteemed Chinese contemporary, the *Hu Pao*, has been investigating the origin of foot cramping by Chinese women. The practice is of very ancient date. Some affirm that it arose in the time of the Five Dynasties—that is, in the 10th century, A.D. Jao Niang, the mistress of Li Yu, the last Emperor of these dynasties, tied up her feet with silk into the shape of the crescent-moon, and all the other beauties of the time imitated her. The literature of previous dynasties do not allude to the custom. During the reign of King Hsi (1664, A.D.) an edict forbade foot cramping under various penalties, the local officials being held responsible in some degree for violation of the law by people in their district. But the fashion was too strong, and in 1868, at the investigation of the Board of Ceremonies, this edict was withdrawn. It is still universal in Kuantung and Kuangsi.

MODERN ALPHABETS.

In the first half of the last century the famous impostor, George Psalmanazar, invented an alphabet for his pretended Formosan language, though he forgot to give names to his letters. Such a ruse for living on the learned public would be impossible to-day. What Psalmanazar did to maintain his personation of a converted heathen, several missionaries have done to carry on the work of conversion. Of the missions of the present century, one of the most successful is that which the American Baptist Society has carried on among the Karen tribes of Burmah. Finding no written characters in existence, the zealous agents of the Society, invented an alphabet, modelled on the Burmese, and in that they have printed thousands of Bibles, tracts and schoolbooks. In Africa and Polynesia, the same thing has been done again and again. Some of the missionary alphabets (such as those of Evans) are more correctly described as syllabaries. The mode of writing in use in the Christian schools of the Chippewians, Crees, and Eskimos, is, indeed distinctly so named. The syllabaries in question which differ from each other only in slight details, are of the simplest kind. The Eskimo syllabarium, for instance, consists of eleven consonants, (*p*, *t*, *k*, *ch*, *m*, *n*, *s*, *l*, *y*, *v*, and *r*) and four vowels (*a* long, *a* short, *e* and *o*). The vowels are all represented by an isosceles triangle, about the size of any ordinary small capital, the differentiation being effected by the direction of the apex. With apex down, it stands for *a* long; with apex up, for *a* to the right, for *o*; to the left, for *a* short. Each consonant has, in like manner, a symbol, which makes a syllable with *a*, short or long, *r* or *o*, according as it is placed. Marks of smaller size serve the purpose of finals. Several devotional and educational books have been printed in these characters, which, when associated on the page, bear a remote resemblance to some of the vernacular alphabets of India.

One American Indian has won the fame of a new-world Cadmus—the Cherokee, Sequoyah. This ingenious tribesman, sometimes called George Guess, was ignorant of any tongue but his own, until, seeing some text-books in a missionary school, and being informed that the characters represented the words of the English language, as he heard it spoken, he conceived the idea of framing a system of writing for his own people. He began by trying to invent a sign for each word; but, that plan being discarded as too cumbersome, he finally succeeded in forming, with endless pains, a syllabic alphabet of eighty-five characters, which has won the admiration of even civilized men. Sir John Lubbock says of this remarkable alphabet:—"Sequoyah invented a system of letters, which, as far as the Cherokee language is concerned, is better than our own. Cherokee contains twelve consonants and six vowels, with a nasal sound, *mung*. Multiplying the twelve consonants by the six vowels, and adding the vowels which occur singly he acquired seventy-seven characters, to which he added eight, representing the sounds, *s*, *ka*, *hnr*, *nah*, *ta*, *ts*, *ti*, *tl*, making altogether eighty-five characters. This alphabet, as already mentioned, is better than ours. The characters are, indeed, numerous, but when once learned, the pupil can read at once. It is said that a boy can read Cherokee, when thus expressed, in a few weeks, while, if ordinary letters are used, two years are required."

Sequoyah would seem to have thus attained, by intuition, what the Spelling Reformers have for many years past been strenuously demanding—an alphabet corresponding with the articulate sounds of the people using it. Professor George Hermann von Meyer, in his "Organs of Speech," says that "our alphabet is nothing more than an arbitrary collection of letters, in which, on the one hand, several letters represent the same sound, and on the other, several sounds which exist as pure elements of speech are not represented at all by a special letter, but must be expressed by a combination of letters, while compound sounds, on the contrary, are given in a single letter." To remedy this defect, several schemes have been devised—the most celebrated and most successful being the Pitman system, generally associated with short-hand.

But the most ambitious and comprehensive of all alphabetical schemes is the Visible Speech of Dr. Melville Bell. "In this system," its author tells us, "no sound is arbitrarily represented, but each letter is *built up* of symbols which denote the organic positions and actions that produce the sound. The letters are thus physiological pictures, which interpret themselves to those who have learned the meaning of the elementary symbols of which they are composed." Again he says: "The system of Visible Speech is the ready vehicle for a universal language, when that shall be evolved; but it is also immediately serviceable for the conveyance of the diverse utterances of every existing language. No matter what foreign words may be written in this universal character, they will be pronounced by readers in any country with absolute uniformity." According to Dr. Bell's method, there are four simple symbols for the vowels, "from the combinations of which every vowel in every language can be expressed to the eye, so as to be at once pronounced with exactitude by the reader." In like manner there are five elementary symbols for the consonants. All the elements of each class have one symbol in common—that of the vowels being a straight line, that of the consonants, a curve. From the synthesis of these symbols, which are simply directions for the action of the lips and tongue, any letter in the alphabet may be formed. Visible Speech was first made known to the world in the summer of 1867, and has been largely studied by philologists as "an exponent of linguistic phonetics." Before that date Mr. Alex. John Ellis had devoted much time to the same subject and his treatises are highly

recommended by Professor Max Müller, in the fifth of his second series of "Lectures on the Science of Language," in which he discusses the claims of the physiological alphabet or alphabet of nature.



The scholar without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.

To do as you would be done by is the surest method of

Merit and good breeding will make their way every-

where.

Wit does not take the place of knowledge.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.

What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender

woman's face?

A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Words once spoken can never be recalled.

Music is well said to be the speech of angels.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.

Flowers are like the pleasures of the world.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.

Simple diet is best.

They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing.

Education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is at once best in quality and infinite in quantity.

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.

No sadder proof can be given of a man's littleness than disbelief in great men.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

Mercy is twice blessed: it blesses him that gives and him that takes.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.

Each mind has its own method.

The paths that lead us to God's throne
Are worn by children's feet.

Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

Speech is better than silence. Silence is better than speech.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

The cautious seldom err.

Candour is the seal of a noble mind, the ornament and pride of man, the sweetest charm of woman, the scorn of rascals and the rarest virtue of sociability.

I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Incivility is not a vice of the soul, but the effect of several vices: of vanity, ignorance of duty, laziness, stupidity, distraction, contempt of others and jealousy.

Who knows nothing base fears nothing known.

When a man dies they who survive ask what property he has left behind him. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.

And now abideth these three: faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of these is charity.

Human improvement is from within outwards.

Handsome is that handsome does.

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:
Himself is his own dungeon.

Mistakes are often the best teachers.

To be wroth with one we love doth work like madness in the brain.

Knowledge is the parent of love: wisdom love itself.

"Tis better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all.

It is no small part of the cure to wish to be cured.

Hope is the poor man's bread.

He who has good health is rich without knowing it.

The defences of Gibraltar are not by any means in a satisfactory condition. The 100-ton gun which was displaced from its position some two years ago, owing to the platform giving way during practice firing, has not yet been replaced, and the other gun of the same calibre cannot be used, lest a worse accident should happen. The famous rock galleries are quite unsuitable for the modern heavy ordnance. Yet new batteries have not been constructed. In fact, the only benefit the Rock has gained from the special fund voted for defence abroad has been a small battery near the summit.

A Terrible Adventure.

BY ERNEST SMITH.

It was the middle of June, one of those lovely warm days which boys and girls always picture to themselves as being most adapted to the sea side. Two youths, Herbert Drake and Walter Johnson, were spending their summer holidays at Torquay, in Devonshire. The sea and all belonging to it always have a charm for boys, but in the case of these two boys there was a special charm. They were cousins. Herbert Drake had lived at the sea side all his life, and knew every corner, every rock, in fact every thing connected with the beautiful beach and rocks which skirt Torbay. His cousin Walter, however, had never before seen the sea,—he had read of it in books, he had seen the pictorial representations of ships sailing majestically on the smooth waters, but he had never seen them in reality. And this was his first day at the sea side. He had been talking about this trip for weeks, and his cousin Herbert had been planning for the same length of time what he should do and where he should take his cousin each day during the month they were to spend together. Well, here they were promenading up and down the pier, Walter asking all manner of questions about every thing he saw, and often making his cousin roar with laughter at his apparent ignorance.

"Well, Waltie," said Herbert at length, "I'm tired of walking up and down this pier. What do you say to a run over the rocks?"

"Just what I should be delighted to do," said Walter. "You know I have never been here before, and whatever you suggest will be new to me, and I am sure to like it."

So off the two started arm in arm, both ready for anything. Five minutes walk brought them to the beach. The tide was a long way out, and, as they walked over the hard sand, Walter could not imagine it possible that the sea would roll right over the very spot on which they were standing in a few hours, and kept Herbert well employed in answering many curious questions, until, almost without knowing it, they had walked two miles, and were at the foot of a large square rock known by the name of "The Thatcher."

"Here we are, Waltie," said Herbert. "What do you think of this for a rock? I'm going to take you to the top of this and show you the English Channel on one side, Torquay at the top of the bay, and the pretty fishing village called Brixham, where William III. landed when he first came to this country."

So the two lads climbed on by degrees, not noticing how fast or how slowly they were traveling, until at last they reached the top of the "Thatcher."

"Did you bring the field glass with you?" asked Herbert, when they were both fairly rested on the highest part of the "Thatcher."

"No, I haven't a field-glass," said Walter. "But, although I have never before been to the seaside, I know that there are better things than field-glasses or opera-glasses through which to view the sea, so I purchased a splendid telescope. It is by no means ornamental, but I was assured that the lenses were perfect; and, as the poor fellow from whom I bought it was starving, and wanted money far worse than the telescope, I thought I could not do a better thing than exchange my sovereign for his glass. Here it is? What do you think of it?"

"Just the very thing, Waltie," said Herbert, after he had put the telescope to his eye and tried its merits in every way. "It's the finest glass I ever saw. A sovereign did you say? Why, it is just exactly like my Uncle Ben's glass, I declare, and he said his cost five pounds. You were fortunate, I tell you, to get a five pound article for twenty shillings. Now I'll show you the sea with a vengeance."

The two boys amused themselves for hours looking through the glass, even Herbert, who had always lived at the seaside, being delighted with the chance of having such a glass all to himself for a time.

At last Walter looked out in the channel and

saw a big steamer ploughing the waves and tossing up and down occasionally. Had he remained on the beach, he thought, he would never have seen that splendid boat, and he made up his mind that he would be a sailor as soon as he was old enough. But while the boys had been looking out to seaward they had not noticed the fast approaching tide, and they were both amazed and terrified on finding that the sea, which, you will remember, was a long way off when they first started for the rock, had now surrounded them.

"Oh! Look! Look!" cried both voices together, for they both noticed their predicament at the same time. Strange to say, Herbert asked his cousin what to do, forgetting that Walter was not accustomed to the sea.

"I don't know what to do," said Walter. "Can you swim?"

"Yes," replied Herbert, "I can swim; but it is impossible to get across to land by one's self. The water is too deep and too rough. It is useless to attempt anything. The only thing to do is to wait. We must climb up to the top of the rock and patiently sit there until the tide returns."

"Will it ever return?" asked Walter in despair. "It seems to be getting higher and higher. I'll take care if I once get off this rock not to get caught again."

The lads were not cowards, though they were only about fourteen years of age, and they climbed to the summit of the rock and sat down determined to wait patiently until the tide returned. It is difficult to know which of the two was most frightened. But Herbert encouraged his cousin as much as possible, assuring him that the water could not possibly reach them where they were.

It was now getting late, and the cousins had no food with them. Their desire for sea views had vanished with the approaching tide, and altogether they were in a terrible plight. Dusk was beginning to take the place of daylight, and, as they had not returned home to dinner or tea, their parents were getting very anxious about their safety, and sent out in every direction to find them. No information could be obtained beyond the fact that they were both seen that morning about ten o'clock walking across the sand toward the "Thatcher," and had not been seen since. A regular search was organized, and by the assistance of the Coast Guardsmen, two figures were seen at the the summit of the "Thatcher." Two boats at once set off for the rock, but on nearing it the men in charge had to be very careful not to get too near or they might have been dashed to pieces.

All was excitement on shore, as the news spread like wild-fire that two boys were seen bound on the "Thatcher." The coast nearest the rock was alive with people, anxiously watching the boats on their perilous journey, and many were the speculations as to the safety of the boys.

It is astonishing how quickly the least gleam of hope will raise the spirits of the most desponding. As soon as the cousins saw the boats they became excited and watched with eager anxiety every movement of the men who were trying to save them from a watery grave. The sea was unusually high, and in fifteen minutes would be within two feet of the top of the rock on which they sat. They kept close together—neither spoke—each being absorbed with his own thoughts. At last Herbert broke the silence.

"Shout, Waltie, shout," he said, "as loud as you can." And both together they yelled out "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

The boats neared them. What was to be done?

"Steady, Bill," said one of the men. "Look out for that spur. Halloo, lads, can you hear? Keep where you are till we tell you what to do."

"All right," shouted the boys.

Every second seemed an hour. How the people on shore watched every movement!

"Now, lads," said the man in charge of the boat, "we can't get any nearer 'cause the tide's too heavy, and there's too many rocks about. Can you swim?"

"I can," shouted Herbert, "but Waltie can't."

Here was a difficult task. The water was now within a foot of the top of the rock, and the boys were wet through. Were they both to be drowned?

Was Herbert to swim and leave his cousin to perish? These questions occurred to both. At last Walter begged his cousin to jump and swim for the boat, telling him he was not a bit afraid. At last the men in the boat were ready. It was useless to throw out lines or buoys, because the lads were unable to move for fear of over-balancing, and Herbert stripped (as he sat) to his pants, and with the assistance of his cousin, raised himself to the level of the rock and plunged. In a moment he was seen about three lengths off and two or three life buoys were thrown out to him. He had never been in such rough water before; but this was a case of life or death, and he struggled hard for one of the buoys. It swept cruelly past him toward the rock, and the boy sank for the second time. A moment afterwards he came up again—this time close to the boat—and succeeded in catching a rope which had been hastily thrown out to him. He was soon pulled to the boat and rowed to the shore.

* * * * *

"Here's the doctor, Bertie," said his mother two days later. "How do you feel to-day?"

Herbert had not spoken since he was taken home insensible, half dead, on the night of the adventure, and he scarcely knew where he was.

"Where's Waltie," he said. But this was not the time to talk about Waltie. Herbert was dangerously ill, and had to keep in bed for many days.

But where was Waltie? Had he been left to die on that terrible rock? I will tell you. Just at the time when Herbert jumped into the water the tide began to recede. He did not, of course, notice it, but he had implicit confidence in what his cousin had told him. He sat on, and in an hour he knew the tide was going out, and that if he would only wait he would get off safely. It was now midnight and the moon was shining beautifully. The tide had gone out far enough to allow Walter to descend (in fact he had done that with the tide), and in twenty minutes he was clear of the rock—very hungry, very frightened, but safe. He was not long getting home, and after a good meal and a night's rest, felt as strong as ever, but he had learned a lesson. All who have read this story, which is true, know what that lesson was.

TO ANNIE.

Some day when the sun is yellow like gold,
And winds blow soft o'er the ocean old;
And clouds creep into the peaceful west,
All cradled low for a long, sweet rest—

Some day when the beautiful leaves are dying,
"To sleep, to sleep," the bleak wind sighing;
And waves aweary with many a moan,
Whisper a dirge of the summer flown—

Some day he will come, and his fond heart, true,
All laden with love will he bring to you—
Some day he will come in the mellow light,
Adown the stream in the sun-road bright—

Again in thy happy youth he'll meet thee,
Again with his fair, sweet smile he'll greet thee;
And when with his dark eyes seeking thine,
And thy hands in his, he pleads: "Be mine"—

Some day when the sun is yellow like gold,
And winds blow soft o'er the ocean old—
O take not thy dear, little hands away,
Give love for love all through Life's long day!

Picton, January, 1890.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

THE GHORKHAS.

The Ghorkhalis—or Ghorkhas, as they are called in the service—are wild-looking, sturdy lads, with round, flat faces, small eyes, and hair hanging down to their shoulders. This is what they are in the rough. When they have passed through the hands of the barber, the tailor, and the drill sergeant, they are turned out, so to speak, smart little gems of soldiers, with a sparkle of unassuming swagger about them which is quite in keeping with their brave, independent spirit. They are strong and stout-limbed, but, as a rule, short. An idea of their stature may be formed when we say that the average height of the battalion we first joined was somewhere about 5 feet 2 inches. But their hearts are as large as their frames are short and tough. Indeed, their pluck and faithfulness to their salt have now become proverbial.—*Hindu-Koh.* By Major Gen. Donald Macintyre.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Récamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Récamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Récamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Récamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Récamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Récamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Récamier Soap is a perfectly pure article guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Récamier Cream and Lotion.

The RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and CONTAINS NEITHER LEAD, BISMUTH or ARSENIC, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

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Member of the London, Paris, Berlin and American Chemical Societies.

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.,
Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph.D., F.C.S.,
Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist does not keep the Récamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Récamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul Street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Récamier Cream, \$1.50; Récamier Balm, \$1.50; Récamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Récamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c.; Récamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medecine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situated at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

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HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
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HUMOUROUS.

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.—Brazilian: You have not congratulated us on the founding of free government in Brazil. American (gloomily): I'm a New York taxpayer.

AN old veteran, who saw his cigar was annoying a lady near him, asked: "Do they not smoke in your regiment, madam?" "In my regiment, perhaps, but not in my company."

"I'd like a copy of 'The Missing Rope.'" Salesman: I don't know of any such song." "Why, it goes—tum, tum, tumty tum." (Hums the air.) "Ah! you mean 'The Lost Chord.'" "Oh, yes, that's it."

A LITTLE COMMISSION.—She (on board the yacht *Fleetwing*): What are they doing, Lieutenant Goldbraid? He: They are weighing the anchor. She: Oh, are they? Would you mind asking how much it weighs? I am so interested in everything of a nautical nature.

"MOTHER," said a little girl, who was engaged in making an apron for her doll, "I believe I will be a duchess when I grow up." "How do you expect to become a duchess, my daughter?" "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure," replied the little girl.

AT the close of a lengthened and bitter wrangle between a judge and a prominent counsel, the former said, "Well, sir, if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman, I am sure I can't teach you." To which the barrister mildly replied, "That is so, my lord."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Children, what lesson do we learn from this verse, "Verily, I say unto you that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven?" Thoughtful Boy: we learn that it's going to be a good deal harder to get into heaven than it is to get into the United States Senate.

UNCLE BILLY MAGAFFIN (who has been having his portrait painted to present to the Squeecauan Turtle Club): I wouldn't 'a' minded payin' you \$300 fer the pictur, if you'd 'a' worked fer the money; but I was a-watchin' you them times when you thought I was asleep, and you just sat an' looked at me nine-tenths of the time.—*St. Nicholas*.

MRS. NEWHAND: What! Twenty cents a pound for mackerel? Why, the man across the street only asks sixteen cents! Fishmonger: Very good, madam; but you must remember that my fish are all hand-caught. Those you see opposite are caught in nets. It makes a difference, you know. Mrs. Newhand: Of course, how stupid of me! You may give me that large one there.

OSTRICHES IN AMERICA.

There are certain old traditions about the ostrich which, I have been told by the owner of the California ranch, are fallacious. He says that the ostrich does not bury his head in the sand and imagine he is unobserved by his enemies. On the contrary, he is a very pugnacious bird and always ready for a fight. Nor does the female ostrich lay her eggs in the sand for the sun to hatch them. To do them justice, they are quite domestic, and deserve a better reputation. Nor is the ostrich ever used for riding, as he has an exceptionally weak back; any person might break it with a blow from an ordinary cane.

His strength lies in his great breast and his feet. He has one great claw and a very small one, and with a terrible precision he can bring down the large claw with a cruel force that will tear open anything not made of sheet iron.

Savage birds at best, they are dangerously so during breeding time. The twenty-two birds brought to our California ranch trusted to their instinct and laid their eggs during the California winter, which corresponded to their summer south of the equator. It being the rainy season, their nests were filled with water and the eggs were chilled; so the first season of their American sojourn was a failure.

The ostrich makes its nest by rolling in the sand and scooping out a hole some six feet in diameter, and, excepting an incubator house, the California ranch requires no buildings for the use of the birds, though the land is divided off into pens fenced in, each about an acre in extent, for the use of the breeding birds, every pair occupying one such inclosure.

The ostriches live upon alfalfa and corn. Alfalfa is a grass cultivated all over the ranch; it resembles our clover, and grows to a crop some six times a year.—*St. Nicholas*.

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FOR BOSTON, Portland, Manchester, etc., 9.00 a.m. and 10.35 p.m.
FOR ST. JOHN, N.B. and HALIFAX, N.S. 10.35 p.m.
FOR NEWPORT—9.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m., and 10.35 p.m.
FOR TORONTO, Smith's Falls, Peterboro, Brockville, Kingston, 9.20 a.m. For Smith's Falls, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, etc., 10.35 p.m.
FOR OTTAWA and Buckingham, 10.35 a.m. and 4.25 p.m.
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FOR QUEBEC, 8.10 a.m., (3.30 p.m. Sundays only) and 10.00 p.m. For points on Intercolonial Ry. to Campbellton N.B., 10.00 p.m.
FOR THREE RIVERS, 8.10 a.m., (3.30 p.m. Sundays only) 5.00 p.m. and 10.00 p.m.
FOR JOLIETTE, St. Felix de Valois, St. Gabriel etc., 5.00 p.m.
FOR OTTAWA, 8.50 a.m., 4.40 p.m., 8.40 p.m.
FOR WINNIPEG and Vancouver, 8.40 p.m.
FOR ST. JEROME, St. Lin and St. Eustache, 5.30 p.m.
FOR ST. ROSE and Ste. Therese, and intermediate stations—3.00 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 5.30 p.m. Saturdays only, 1.30 p.m., instead of 3.00 p.m.

From Bonaventure Station:
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